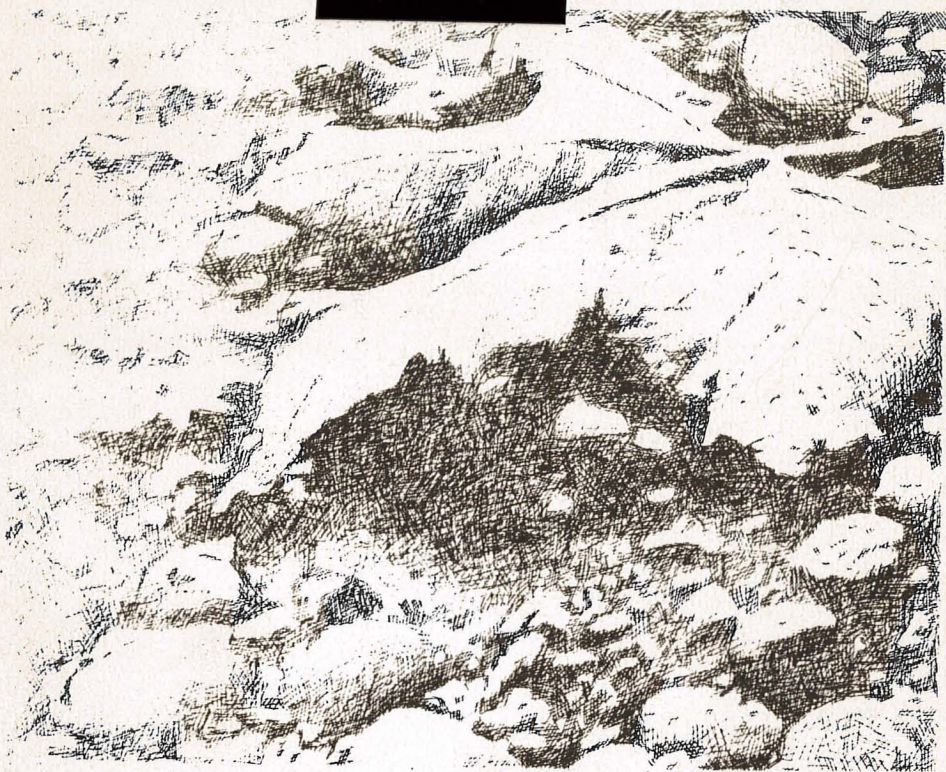


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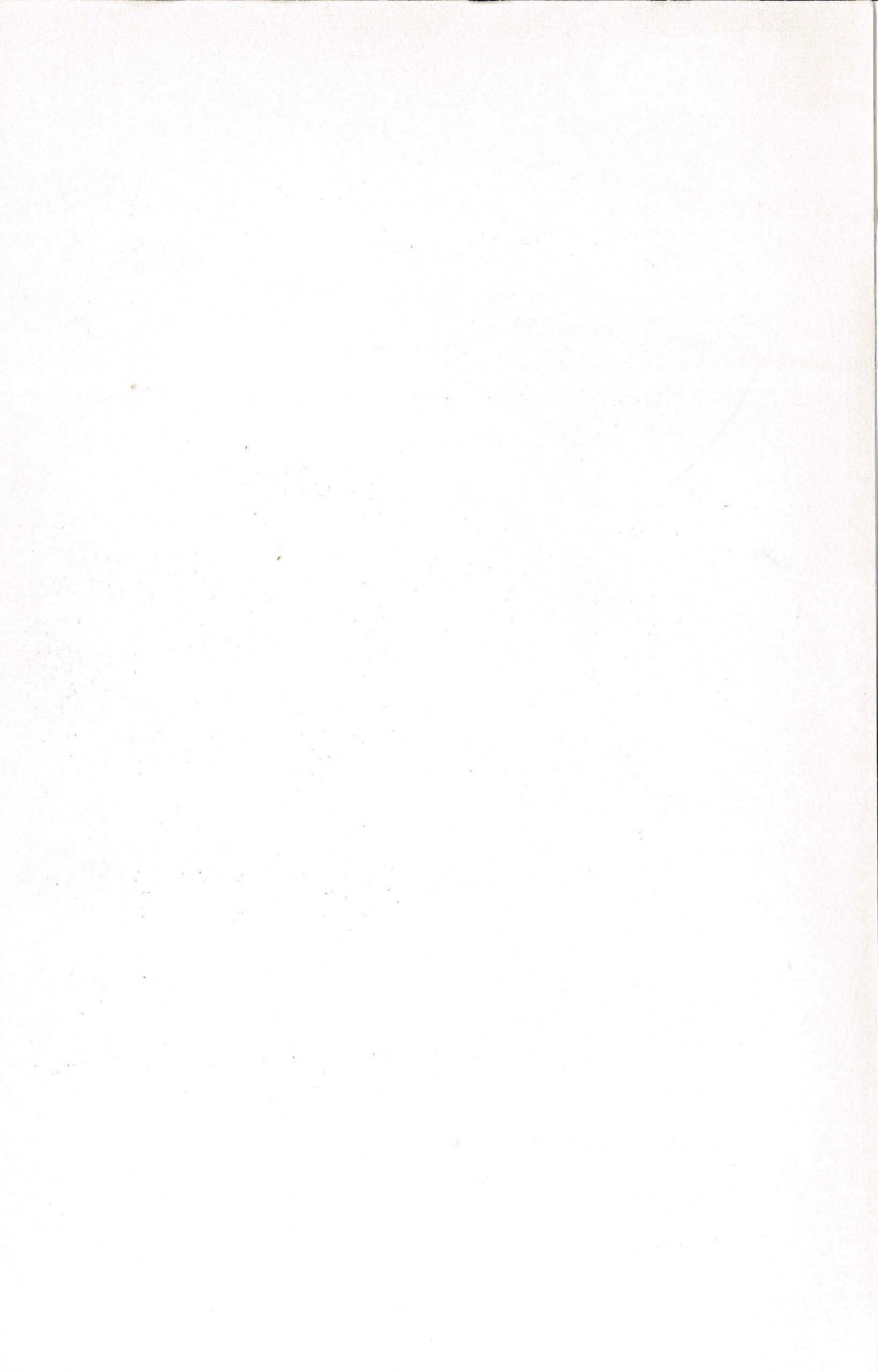


PATTERNS

1981

St. Clair County Community College

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IS OUR FACE RED !

A serious oversight in the final proof-reading of the lay-out for this issue of PATTERNS has resulted in a lack of continuity in the work of several student authors. For that we apologize to all our readers, to our supporting patrons, and especially to those students whose work is affected.

To aid in locating the proper sequence of pages for the affected selections, we enclose this sheet:

1. "A Flower in Winter" by Bill Weckesser begins on page 9 and continues on page 68.
2. "Excerpts from My Journal" by Sally Tesluk begins on pages 51-52 and continues on pages 24, 25, and 26.
3. "Boarding" by Roger Thomas begins on pages 66 and 67 and continues on pages 10 and 11.

In our attempt to preserve the publication by financing and producing it ourselves, we lost some of the fine quality we have always been proud to have in this student magazine. We are not, however, giving up. Thank you all for your patience, your understanding, and your continued support. The next issue of PATTERNS is now in the planning stages; look for it in the fall.

PATTERNS 1981

A Publication of

**St. Clair County Community College
Port Huron, Michigan**

PREFACE

In February, 1981, a significant St. Clair County Community College tradition for 22 years, the annual publication of *Patterns*, was about to be lost. Funds were not available. Those in the Art and English departments, who have given countless hours each year without remuneration to maintain a quality publication of student creativity, considered the alternatives: no publication or another means for its continuance.

Our belief in the value of *Patterns* motivated us to seek funds as well as to try to reduce costs. The value of *Patterns* is not only in the recognition of those works selected for publication, but in the preparation of writing and art by the many other students whose works are not selected. Another often unrecognized value is the enjoyment and understanding shared by the even larger number of readers, most of them also students. They are the silent witnesses to the reality of education's most vital aspect: the communication of thoughts, feelings, ideas, and concerns about living.

Not knowing if the funds would be raised, we proceeded to evaluate student entries. For weeks, the outlook was negative, the contributions minimal and insufficient. With a generous contribution from Bess Mueller, publication was finally assured. It was, however, evident that it would not be possible to publish before the end of the school year. We were not dismayed, though, for the delayed publication would give us time to thank properly those who believed with us that student writing and art deserve to be encouraged and shared with others through the continued publication of *Patterns*. Our concern found response in your commitment: together we have published *Patterns* - 1981.



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Committee

Writing

Sylvia Bargiel
Donald Haines

Richard Colwell
Kathleen Nickerson

Susanna Defever
Fred Reed

Art

Patrick Bourke
Ray Pierotti

John Henry

Dale Northup
Earl Robinette

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DEDICATION

It is often to literature and the arts that mankind turns for comfort, assurance, strength, and inspiration. It is by language that we convey knowledge, inherit dreams, restore values, and determine resolutions. It is by the arts that we record our history, project our individuality, and preserve our humanity. Dr. Thomas N. Bonner, president of Wayne State University, delivered a stimulating and challenging address on May 8 to the 1981 graduating class of St. Clair County Community College. He reminded graduates, their families, and friends that the value of an education is not wholly to be found in the economic aspects of a job or a career. That is only a part of life. Education gives one the purpose for living as well as the means, and its most lasting relevance is found in the study of the humanities.

Audubon Society, *The ABC's of Birds*. His humanitarian and artistic natures give Ray a unique self-less personality that encourages others to expand and experience more in their lives and their work. Such encouragement led to another inter-departmental exhibit, *An Exhibition of Writing as a Visual Art*. Of that exhibit Ray wrote:

I am very excited about the exhibition. It will bring to the entire college a little-known and poorly-publicized fact of the English Department's involvement professionally in the field of writing. It will also broaden the general public's understanding of English as a creative art form and will show the relationship that exists between various art forms and how these relationships are supportive of each other.

The exhibit was also shown at Lambton College in Sarnia, and a slide presentation of it was given at a workshop for teachers of English in Michigan.

With fond appreciation and deep respect, we dedicate *Patterns - 1981* to Ray Pierotti and to our many Patrons, Friends, and Donors, who believe that the study of humanities and man's artistic expression is essential to education and to life.

With Deep Appreciation for their Support of the Arts,
We Dedicate *Patterns - 1981* to our Patrons and Friends

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In his essay, *The Essentials of Education*, Sir Richard Livingstone also wrote on the need to study the humanities:

Further, without these studies, we shall never know what the world is really like. Our education tends to be superficial. . . . Much of it is concerned with the surface of life and tells us nothing of its depths. The surface is very important; we need the skills and knowledge required to cope with the immediate problems of our day. . . . But how, from the levels of our ordinary lives, our average minds, can we raise ourselves, if only for a space, to heights beyond our own capacity, even beyond our normal vision? The answer is that we can raise ourselves on the shoulders of those who have walked on higher levels. What unaided we could not do we can do by their help.

It is with this revitalized concept of the relevance and the significance of the humanities in education today that we now dedicate *Patterns - 1981*.

First, *Patterns - 1981* is dedicated with deep appreciation to the many Friends, Patrons, and Donors whose financial contributions have made the publication possible. Without their belief that creative expression is an essential part of education and without the monies they contributed, this magazine of the arts would not exist. A special page in *Patterns - 1981* acknowledges each contributor. This list includes people in the community as well as some students, faculty, and administrators. One of the more rewarding aspects of this year's publication is that, in seeking aid, many outside the community college learned of the existence of our creative expression magazine. Too often in the college we concentrate our efforts only on those within its walls and forget to share the best of our learning experiences with others. This year, we renewed our responsibility to our community supporters, even as they assumed a part of the responsibility toward the encouragement of the written and visual arts. The study of humanities is important to life; *Patterns* is one vital aspect of such study.

Second, *Patterns - 1981* is also dedicated with fond respect to a former member of the Art Department, Ray Pierotti, who, after two brief but influential years, left St. Clair County Community College last spring to assume the position of Executive Director of the Sawtooth Center for Visual Design in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Ray's significant and innovative contributions at the College were not confined to the classroom or to the Art Department. The exhibits under his direction rivaled those in professional galleries. One of the most memorable involved the Biology Department and the

Blanche Redmond
Earl Robinette
David Shook
Catherine Stimpson
Stephen Strobbe
Robert Tansky
Wilton's T V

Wallace A. Weckesser
Margaret Wedge

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Dr. Charles O. Townley

IN MEMORIAM

Clarence E. Scott
January 25, 1918 - April 23, 1981

Last year we dedicated *Patterns - 1980* to our friend and colleague, Clarence Scott, who had retired from St. Clair County Community College in December, 1979, because of illness. This year, with deeper sadness, we take the opportunity to remember him again in *Patterns - 1981*.

There are many teachers in the world, but few are as well remembered with as much love as this man. His gentle patience, probing wit, and guiding admonitions helped many students to learn. He did not seek to fill the notebooks they brought to class with his wisdom; rather he encouraged them to seek and develop their own strengths. As an English teacher, he sought clarity and honesty in their work and taught individuality and humanity in his classes. Much of his finest teaching was done in his office working patiently with one student and his writing problems at a time. A modern-day Socrates, Clarence Scott used perceptive insight and understanding of human nature to teach.

Last year, we said in the dedication, "Missing him will be a lasting thing; remembering his legacy to us — a deep and abiding love of the English language — will be an enduring one." This year we share with you the last

piece of writing that Clarence Scott did for his daughter Jean a short time before his death. His wit and wisdom are revealed in it.

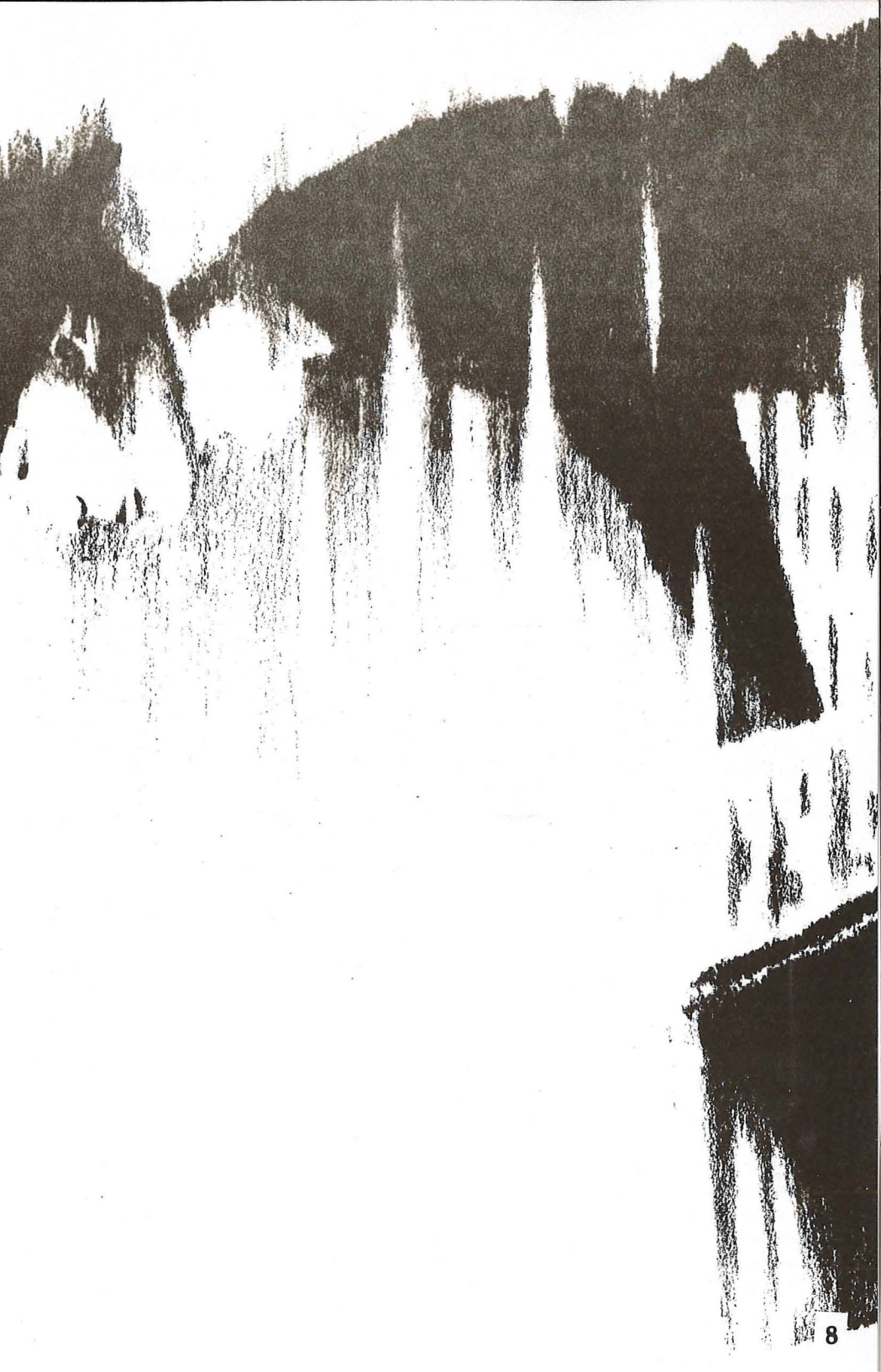
Dear Little Jew,

You have probably heard of the ugly anti-midget movement here: stretchings, pony confiscations, Chihuahua boilings, etc. Many have been forced to plow; some are hiring sized persons to transport them in strollers with Pamper emblems; many have taken refuge in abandoned mailboxes on back roads. A small number have moved to toxic waste dumps and built log cabins out of surplus pencils.

Anti-midgetism, of course, is not new. Dwarfery International has been fighting it for generations from its headquarters in the Shetland Islands. Several national legislatures have passed Diminutive Action laws. In Liechtenstein, for example, basketball baskets have been replaced with holes in the floor, and in Andorra the postal authorities have found that fortified hummingbirds can do some of the work of carrier pigeons. In some of the poorer sections of Turkey, midget eunuchs are performing creditably as supervisors of small harems.

- Clarence E. Scott, 1981

Mr. Scott's dedicated concern for students will continue through the Clarence E. Scott Memorial Scholarship being established by his family. Contributions from his friends, colleagues, and former students to this scholarship fund will provide a living legacy of financial assistance to a second-year English or journalism student.



A FLOWER IN THE WINTER

by Bill Weckesser

Man lives by habit. The average man goes through about the same routine each day. He gets up at the same time each morning. He eats the same breakfast. He wears the same clothes, although in rotation. He takes the same route to work and, having once arrived, does approximately the same thing each day. He takes the same route that took him to work back to his home. He eats about the same dinner each night. He watches the same television news and reads the same newspaper. He goes to bed at the same time each night, as he prepares to repeat the cycle the next day. When the cycle is broken, an *is* becomes an *if*. What exists becomes expectations, not reality, but new experiences. In *One Winter Afternoon*, e. e. cummings describes a breaking of one man's cycle and develops it into a wonderful encounter with reality.

Cummings describes a man walking down a sidewalk in the dead of winter. Inconspicuously, another person hands him a flower. In the winter, the time when life is dormant, this man hands him what generally represents life itself. The flower is totally out of character on a winter afternoon. However, the man giving the flower is himself unusual; he is a clown. Being a clown, he is exactly like the first man except he has make-up on his face and wears colorful baggy clothing. Yet, as a clown, his true identity and physical characteristics are disguised. Behind the make-up lies one man; outside the make-up appears another. Even though the man behind the make-up motivates the clown, he probably wouldn't be standing on a busy sidewalk handing out flowers in the middle of winter. The disguise allows him to act as he really wants to act. The clown suit gives him the courage to break his routine and act like he would want to act. Actually both men are clowns; one wears make-up and acts normally; the other wears no make-up and acts falsely.

The man who receives the flower is intrigued by the clown and admires him. He describes him as an eternal mystery, "for which I've no word except alive." To the man, the clown possesses more than Webster's definition of being alive, which is having life. He is "alive," not animated. He is doing what, at that moment, he wants to do. Carefree, the clown is handing out a flower on a cold winter's afternoon, a totally illogical pastime. Further, the man says the clown is "completely alert." He is not simply aware of the immediate actions surrounding him, but he is aware or "alert" to his own feelings and those of the stranger. By handing out the flower he has taken action to fulfill those feelings. This fulfillment of his need for expression makes him "miraculously whole." He is more than "merely a mind and a heart;" he is a "soul." The clown is more than just another biological creature to the man. However, he is not "funerally hilarious." The clown is viewed as honest, true, and pure by the man. His unusual actions were motivated by genuine feelings. "Funerally hilarious" actions are those illogical customs stringently adhered

"That man has a heart condition! He could be dying!" screamed the brown-haired man in the Chief's face. "Do something!"

"Does he have any medicine?" Chief's voice was calm, but with a nervous edge. I pitied his position. Still the man groaned and clutched his chest.

"Down below," the brown-haired man replied. "But—"

"Siddown," the Chief commanded, backing him into the chair. "Ramon, cuff him and go look for his medicine."

The safe route. This coronary was a little too coincidental. The brown-haired man sprang up again, cursing our coldhearted treatment of a sick man. I tensed and took a half step toward where he was confronting the Chief. Ramon snapped the handcuffs on the groaning man and started to lift him by the elbows to a sitting position.

"Hold it!" Dave shouted.

My frayed nerves started violently at this abrupt interruption, and my head snapped around to see the source of the alarm. Dave stood on the dock with his feet apart and a look of grim determination on his face. His gun was firmly pointed to the inside of the cabin to which my back was turned. Tracing his line of fire, I spun to see through the window at my back a man emerging from below decks into the cabin holding a pistol. So there were four of them!

Slamming myself back against the cabin bulkhead, I snapped the riot gun to my shoulder and whipped around, thrusting the gun barrel down the doorway to cover the man. My finger tensed against the trigger as I heard my voice bark a command.

"Drop the gun! Up on deck!"

My ferocity was unnecessary. His ambush sprung by Dave's vigilance, the man offered no resistance. Tossing his pistol on a cushion, he stiffly stepped up from the cabin with both hands clearly in view, tense and frightened in the grim crossfire of my shotgun and Dave's pistol. His submission obvious, I stepped back and lowered my gun, knowing that Dave maintained his aim. I reached to take the man's shoulder and seat him firmly on the engine cowling next to Ramon's handcuffed heart attack victim.

The sharp cry and scuffling that erupted behind me came quickly, and though I was surprised, I was not alarmed. My stomach clutched, but my nerves seemed fused solid, immune to further paralysis by fear. I had to act in the face of my terror. Spinning around, I saw the brown-haired man struggling

with Ramon, trying to pry his pistol from its holster. Launching across the fan-tail, I planted my feet firmly on the swaying deck and yanked my gun to my shoulder, thrusting the muzzle against the assailant's neck a little below the left ear. The ominous smack as the cocking slide was pulled back, then slammed forward, froze him in mid-motion. The scuffling ceased. All eyes focused on us to see what would come next. The brown-haired man glanced fearfully out of the corner of his eye at me, not daring to move his head, his lips taut and white with fear. Keeping the weapon levelled at his head, I backed off a few inches and motioned for him to be seated. Behind me, Dave roughly yanked his man up off the deck. Apparently while I had been responding to the attack on Ramon, the man behind me had attempted some treachery and Dave had leapt from the dock to protect me. This had involved knocking the man to the deck and jamming a knee in his chest and a pistol in his teeth, a course of action as effective in establishing control as mine had been. Good ol' Dave. It was good to have his cool head and steady hand for gunplay this hectic.

"All right, that's good," came a calm voice from the far stern. "Very impressive." My gun still at the man's neck, I looked up past the barrel to see the last crewman, a quiet chap who had remained placidly seated throughout the boarding, rise and spread his hands to establish peace.

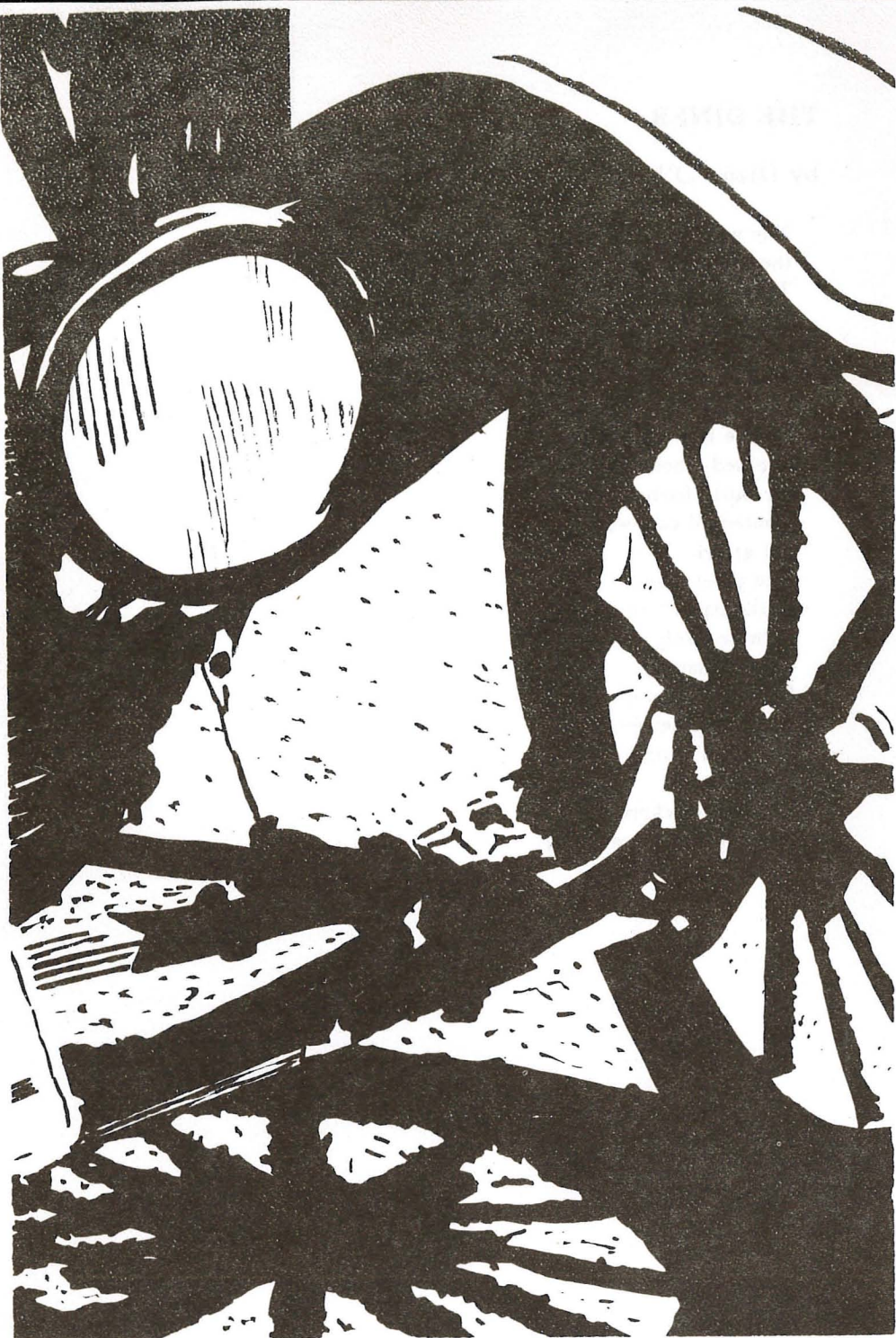
The brown-haired man smiled at me, and I grinned weakly in reply as I dropped my gun to my side. The fingers of my left hand were latticed where they had gripped the cocking slide and my tendons screamed in pain as I stretched my hand to ease the tension. The boarding was over, the training a success. The last of my three deep breaths came out in a chuckle as I remembered our objective: "To experience the tensions and pressures that accompany a hazardous boarding and learn to act despite these factors." Tension, indeed. Terror was the word, and this had only been a mock boarding. Constantly underlying it was the knowledge that these men were Customs Agents, our instructors for the past week of training, and still our nerves had been taut as bowstrings, our reflexes deadened by fear. I dreaded the thought of a real boarding. This afternoon would be more classroom time and an evaluation of the drill. Already I had learned much. Never again would I lightly judge a situation where a policeman or agent made an error during a conflict. Firsthand experience had shown me the tremendous pressures these men endured and assured me that I would never want to do it again. But enough. It was lunchtime, and though I didn't feel like eating, I would relish the chance to relax. It would take a while to recover from this boarding.

THE DINER

by Diane O'Neill

The wake-up stop,
the diner crowd,
Truckers line the counter.
A crowd of burly,
surly men,
Bragging of last night's
conquests.
I smile into my coffee cup.
Greased wheels don't squeak
my burly friends,
Contented cats will purr,
not growl.
The quiet man
in the panel van
Is more likely
to be Casanova.
He smiles into his coffee cup.
And the quiet man
leaves an impression
that's bigger
than the truckers' egos.
No room for more coffee
in my crowded cup.

It's full of smiles.



FIREFLY RING

by R. Brueggeman

Some events or instances in life seem to be frozen in ice; preserved in every detail, one can turn them over, prod and pry. Sometimes these instances are totally unremarkable. More often, the ice of these moments is tension.

. . . Glaring in his eyes, so he sat up and shielded his face. Looking out across the corn, he could see a plume of dust crawl up Laurel road. The plume rounded the corner a half mile off, pushing an old car in front of it. The corn whispered and shook as the car blew by.

Finally, the wave of dust crested, spewing the car into the yard. The car discharged a fat woman with a wide, smooth face.

"Where is your Mama?" asked the woman.

"Doin' washin," answered the boy as he backed away, because the woman was angry—steaming, sweating, knife-in-the-back angry—and, oh Lord and Holy Jesus, she was going to hit him and—

"Michael!"

"Yeah Mom!?"

"Get your little butt down to the swing?"

"Yes Mom," he said, and did go, or at least as far as the corner of the house. There he stopped and slipped a look back. The fat woman and his Mom stood in the yard and yelled, at least the fat woman did. Mom just gazed back, flat eyes yellow and rather soon things changed. The fat woman stopped howling and started quivering. Finally she sobbed and shook back to her car.

The car drove away, sunlight winking on the grill at Mike as it passed. Mike didn't watch the car go, though. No, Mike watched his Mom because

Mike was an awkward thirteen when he spoke of his mother. The man who was his father looked through the boy as he spoke, and the boy looked through the man. The boy saw fairness and understanding, fight and resentment in the man. In the boy the man saw only a question.

After the man finished speaking of the boy's mother, the boy sat still.

That night the boy went to the phone and called his mother and planned a visit

At the terminal he stepped off the bus and saw his mother right away. She was smaller than he remembered, or so it seemed. Her features were sharp, her skin worn. She was a rock of weathered stone.

"Come on, Michael," said the Stone.

Michael and his mother sat on the porch. Light drained from the sky, blue to pink to red. Fireflies became visible, flashing off rhythm.

"I've gone my own way," said the woman. "I ask no forgiveness, and I offer no apologies."

"Understand this, Michael," she commanded the boy, who was watching fireflies dance, "a hell of a lot of people let their lives flow by, or just go with the current. Some times you fight the current just to be really alive."

Michael reached out and snatched a firefly off the black velvet night. From it, he made a ring and wrapped it around his finger.

"Those times are lonely," furnished the woman, but the boy and the ring just glowed coldly.

The young man sat in the mid-day July heat and stared at the old house where he had lived when he was a little kid. The house was scarred and faded, faded as the memory of his mother watching an old car drive off

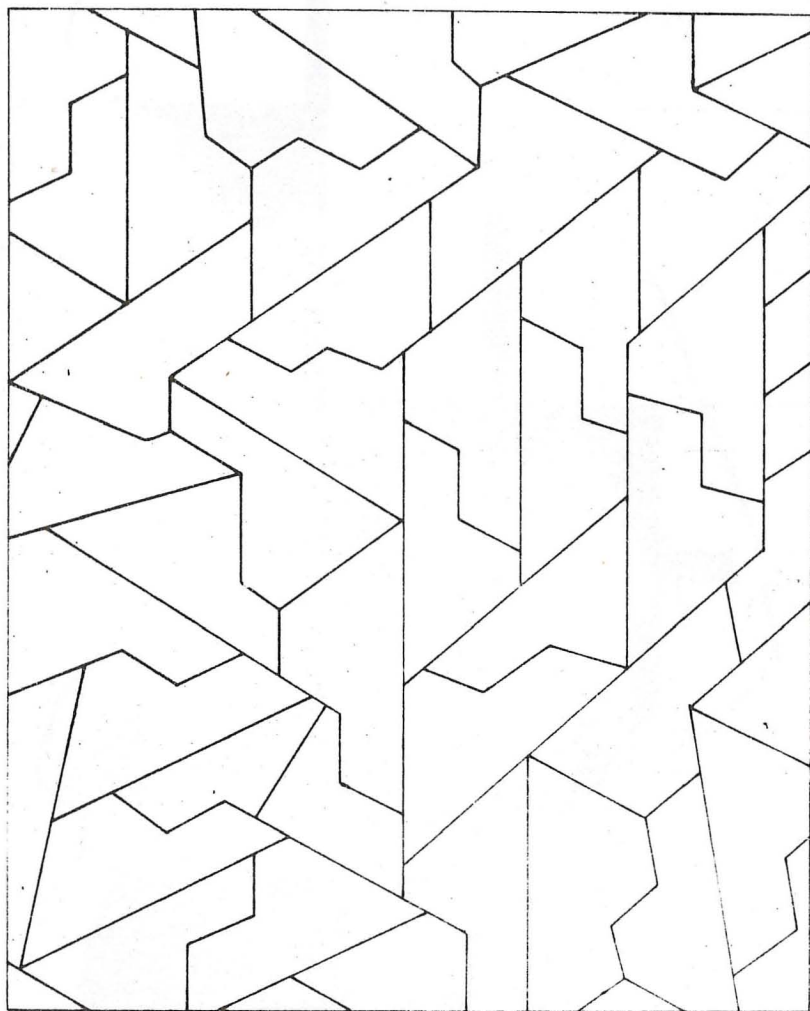
. . . Because he had never seen his mother cry, no matter how mean or tight times got. Yet there she was crying as she walked to the house

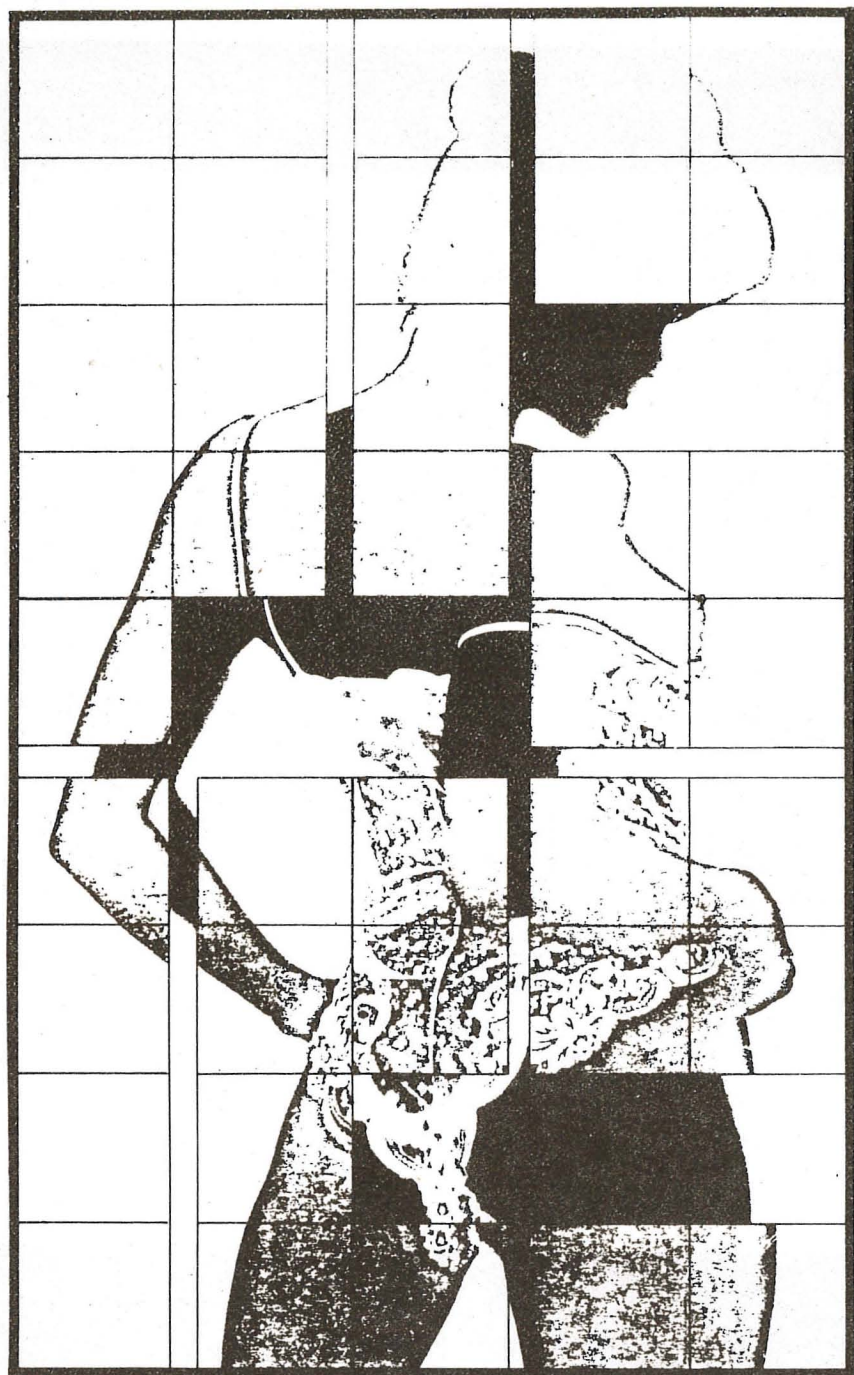
The young man thought of how lonely she had looked. Not beaten—hell no. Alone though, and sad. Finally, the boy, now a young man, understood why his mother had cried that day.

He also understood why she left with the woman's husband a few days later, leaving her husband and son behind. To be alive.

To be alive.

The image in the ice isn't always clear, however. Even held up to the light of understanding, the memory can be blurred in places. Only time and old wounds healed can clear the view.





I LOVE YOU

by Sandra Darhower

The last time I saw my father was one of incomparable hurt and bitterness. We hadn't spoken in nine years and we exchanged no words on this day either. As if it were only yesterday, I can feel the pain I felt nine years ago, when the last words were spoken between us.

"You're no daughter of mine," he had said in a most toneless voice. "No child of mine would hurt her parents as you have hurt your mother and me."

"I'm sorry I've hurt you." My rising emotions made my voice have an unnatural, raspy, choking sound, "I didn't realize"

"Don't waste my time with anymore of your lies," he interrupted, staring coldly at the wall behind me. "Leave my home!"

"But Dad."

"Go!" He turned and fixed his stare on the open door.

The steely coldness in his eyes was magnified only by the blankness of his voice.

After settling into a girlfriend's apartment, I called my parents' home and spoke with my mother. Mother was not a well woman, and although she was distraught with the situation, she was helpless to change it. She did, however, convince me that my father's fury would soften in time, and I should be patient until he was ready to reconcile with me. Patient I would be.

Shortly after my separation from home, my parents and brother moved several states away. Father's job had necessitated a transfer and now we were 600 miles further apart. Mother and I wrote to each other but never discussed my father's attitude towards me. We didn't have to! On the rare occasions that I phoned home and my father answered the phone, he left me with no questions in my mind.

"Hello," my father would say.

"Hi Dad," I would reply, "It's Jeannie."

"Nancy, the phone's for you," I could hear him say, calling mother to the phone with the unforgettable, toneless voice. "You'd better hurry; I think it's long distance."

"Wait, Dad, I want to talk to you," I'd begin.

"Hello!" Mom would cheerfully say.

"Won't he even talk to me over the phone?"

"No, not yet, Honey," she would quietly reply.

During the next few years I was unable to share my joys with my parents, although I did stay in touch with them. They were sent an invitation to my wedding, but their polite "decline to attend" did not surprise me. A year after my wedding was the birth of my first son, my parents' first grandchild. My son not only delighted me but also brought me renewed hopes of a reconciliation with my father. As it turned out, my father was thrilled to be a grandfather. My son was constantly receiving toys and stuffed animals from his grandfather, and not once was he forgotten on a birthday or Christmas. My son had a wonderful grandfather; however, I still had no father. The tone of the phone calls never changed and mother was still saying, "Not yet, honey!"

It had been nearly nine years and I could still feel my own hurt, as fresh as if it had been yesterday.

Now, after a ten-hour drive, and 600 miles behind me, I had finally arrived at the home. I was nervous. My palms were sweaty. The whole drive had been torture. I had cried; I cursed my father; I missed loving my father; I hated my father. I cried for the years my father hadn't loved me, and, oh, so much more. Nine years of emotions flooded my brain during my wordless ten-hour drive.

Getting out of the car, I headed straight for the front steps where my brother stood waiting for me. He reached out and we embraced warmly. "Hi Sis," he said, "Are you ready to go in?"

"I don't think I can go see him," I whispered.

"C'mon," he said, taking me by the arm and slowly leading me through the front door.

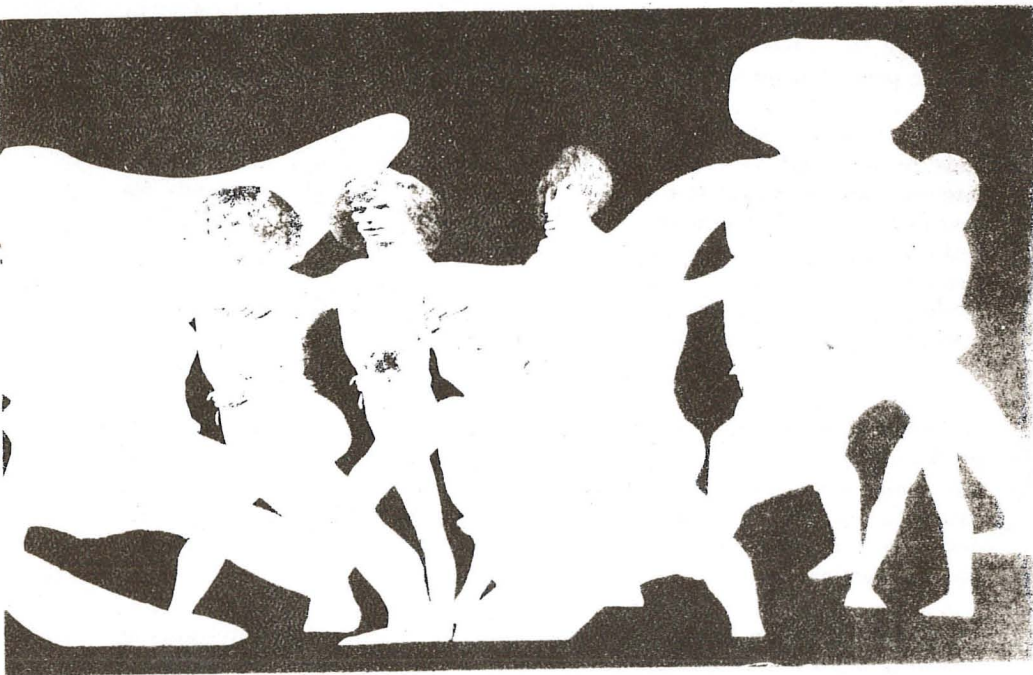
As we stepped into the foyer, my knees became suddenly weak and I could feel little beads of perspiration flowing from my body as if to melt my entire person down through the floor. The music from the parlor sounded hundreds of miles away. I stopped long enough to wipe my moist palms on my skirt, while my mind raced forward to meet the approaching moment.

"It will be all right," I told myself, "Today he will have to listen to me. I can tell him now that I love him. Yes, today!"

Slowly we walked through the chapel and over to my father's casket.

"I love you, daddy."

Even through his tightly closed lids, I could feel the steely coldness in his eyes, magnified only by the blank expression on his face.



LET NATURE BE YOUR GUIDE

by Colleen Schleyer

Living in a world filled with complications, people tend to become preoccupied with the worries and frustrations that prevent them from getting to know their true selves. Unfortunately, many people believe that the only way they can feel any sense of security or stability in this world is by achieving wealth, power, or prestige. In their obsessions with these desires, they neglect their personal growth and push blindly forward without knowing what they truly want. Even when they have attained their goals, they are dissatisfied because they never took the time to understand their individual natures and live in accordance to them. The seriousness of this problem has compelled many writers to produce works of literature which admonish people to abide by their natures throughout their lifetimes.

Christopher Marlowe cautions people about this shortcoming in his powerful play, *The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus*. The author shows his readers the tragedy that can occur if a person does not pursue a personally fulfilling and meaningful life. With all the knowledge that the main character, Doctor Faustus, had amassed, he could have lived a very productive life making valuable contributions to society. Instead, he was obsessed with the idea of devoting the remainder of his life to the study of magic. So eager was he to make this a reality that he willingly sold his soul to the devil in exchange for a twenty-four year contract entitling him to the use of any satanic powers in his work.

If Faustus had taken the time to heed the warning signs of his mind and body, he would not have agreed to such a pact. His mind had been in constant turmoil from the very time that he contemplated the idea. Unfortunately, he gave in to his ruthless side due to the prompting of the bad angel who fed his desire for power. His body physically rebelled against him during the actual signing of the pact because when he stabbed his arm in order to write with his blood, his blood congealed. Faustus was aware of his body's struggle, but only questioned its existence. He said, "What might the saying of my blood portend? Is it unwilling I should write this bill?"

This mental and physical rebellion clearly showed that Faustus was not at peace with himself. Even after he signed the pact, his mind struggled until the last hours before his death. Because he did not live in accordance with his nature, he was barred from a life of personal happiness and satisfaction. His desire for power alienated him from the rest of mankind and led to his eventual destruction.

William Congreve, in his play *Love For Love*, pointed out the importance of following one's nature but did so through a lighter approach. In this play, Congreve named his characters in such a way that they each embodied a

specific human trait. The main character, Valentine, had a truthful nature which compelled him to act and speak in an open and honest manner. He was especially frank in discussing his feelings for a certain young woman, Angelica, with whom—practically the whole town knew—he was madly in love.

Because of Valentine's desire to know Angelica's feelings for him, he went against his nature and devised a plan of deception. In his plan, he feigned madness in order to see if she would show any genuine concern. Unfortunately for him, she saw his mental illness was not genuine and gave him a reply he did not wish to hear. She said,

But I have considered that passions are unreasonable and involuntary. If he loves, he can't help it, and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a man, or I my being a woman; or no more than I can help my want of inclination to stay longer here.

After this incident, Valentine realized that he had to win her by being truthful—by simply being himself. In response to his realization, he went to Angelica and told her his true intentions. To his amazement, his confession was rewarded with a declaration of Angelica's affection for him. Because Valentine was true to his nature, he found the secret to personal happiness.

Though the two works use completely different approaches, one tragical, the other comical, both tell of the problems that arise from refusing to comply with one's nature. The ordeals that the characters went through can show people how necessary it is for them to live lives filled with meaning. If people are obsessed with the need to achieve personal greatness, they will never be satisfied, like Doctor Faustus, with what life has to offer. On the other hand, if people eventually realize the importance of being themselves, they can, like Valentine, live a healthier and happier existence. Hopefully, in their walks through life, people will let their natures be their guides.



Grendel by John Gardner

At first I was smug! I thought myself very clever at discerning the theme of this book after reading only a few chapters. I even compiled a few early notes to help me with this review.

Now I am filled with wonder, horror, foreboding, and a chilling sense of naked reality. Now I have finished. What a creation!

Gardner presents so many themes. If I read the book three more times I'm sure I would garner three times more understanding.

And what have I learned? That I am Grendel—you are Grendel—we all are Grendel at times. Or can be.

My mind continues to explode from all the mocking symbolism I encountered. The book "hit hard" on organized religion, on democracy, on mankind's inner nature. Grendel became our "Daniel Webster" on this journey into our selves, our souls.

Born to a land, in awe of simply being alive, not questioning his existence, just accepting his lifestyle—it seemed a parody of the American Indian to me at first. But Grendel's plight was markedly different, much more abstract.

Observing man became an addicting habit. Grendel found them so unlike himself and yet the common bond of language piqued his interest. He watched, an intent observer trying to make sense of the inequities around him. He took only what he needed from nature; man plundered and wasted. The Shaper extolled virtue in acts of his people that were despised in others. It was honorable to kill, yet a heinous crime to be killed. Such were the absurdities Grendel attempted to balance. He realized that what his distant relative did and what he said were two separate entities. With time and truth, a dark cynicism engulfed Grendel.

Grendel didn't like, but accepted his final reality. Eventually he accepted man's true nature, although his realization provoked him to rage, bitterness, and ultimate self-destruction.

I finished the book feeling a pervasive sadness for my race. Humans have yet to recognize reality as Grendel did. So, who is *really* civilized?

A Cautious (Early) Response

I'm surprised! I'm also hesitant at this point to pen a glowing response to what I've read. I'm twelve pages into Chaucer's prologue and, I'm enjoying it I'm glad we are using the Middle English text. It's harder to understand and yet it's easier. It's harder because my concentration is sometimes so intense at just trying to pronounce words that my comprehension wanes. It's easier because the rhythm flows more smoothly. I find that it is helpful in "catching" exactly what meaning Chaucer attempts to create. I am finding that what I do understand, I really understand and appreciate

Pardon Me

What an original guy, that pardoner! He's so bluntly, deliberately honest! He makes no pretense about himself, offers no apologies! His character and philosophy are incurably reprehensible. He has an utterly odious outlook and personality. I'm sure his retort to my description of him would be: "So what lady—and would you like to kiss a pig bone for a buck?"

Indiscretion: The Better (More Interesting) Part of Valor

She's the original Mae West! And her truths ring true today. The Wife of Bath really understood men, and how to approach/reproach them for her own advantage.

A master flatterer! Who *knew* man's ego—and how to "play on it" to increase her personal gain. If flattery proved ineffective, she could nag or whine or withhold—all useful tools when employed at the proper time.

Gloria Steinem must have adapted her principles from the Wife of Bath's insights. After all, Alison insisted on owning property, complete with title in her name. Many women today can't claim such capital. And she stood up for women, argued that they weren't inherently wicked creatures. That stance must have required much intestinal fortitude. To exude sexuality and espouse lust—what would modern man (let alone the men of Chaucer's day) think of such (lack of) principle?

Women haven't changed their tactical maneuvers over the years—there's been no need to—men have yet to catch on. The power we women wield dually excites and nauseates me. It's exciting because it allows us to obtain whatever is important to us. It is noxious because I would like to credit men with more intelligence and savvy—to spar with more able adversaries.

Chaucer possessed an uncanny ability to pierce to the soul. He was a feminist before the word was coined. Sensitivity in a man is so rare a treat that it overwhelms me. Just what would I do if I met a modern day Chaucer?

The Sonnets

Once again Shakespeare transported me to a twilight zone of melancholia. After experiencing any of his work, it always takes me awhile to overcome the overwhelming feelings he invokes in me. The ability Shakespeare possessed to use words so succinctly yet dramatically ever astounds me! I love words too: their sounds, their complexity, their brevity, their compoundness, their beauty or ugliness, yet I can't *begin* to capture a mood as Shakespeare could. (I'm awesomely jealous again.)

I love the way William experimented with phrases: stroking them, teasing them, coaxing them, building their meaning to a frenzied pitch before the orgasmic impact hits. I take so many solitary journeys with the lingering ideas I derive from Shakespeare. My mind bursts with bits of introspection that bide in my conscious state for varied lengths of time.

Sally: Lost

I have completed our reading assignment from Milton's *Paradise Lost* and rephrased the title to echo my present mental condition. The subtlety and im-menseness of the work have confounded me. I'm sure that after our class discussion, I will be muttering, "Of course, why didn't I see that?" At least I now recognize a classic when I encounter one. The flow of words possess a timeless sense of rhythm and the word usage is so succinct. I do appreciate (if not comprehend) the vastness of Milton's labor

Epilogue

I find it hard to believe an entire semester has passed. I already feel a sense of loss: for those literary giants that I have met and embraced, and for those whose grains of wisdom I have yet to feast upon. I need the structure of the classroom to pique my interest and point the way to correct interpretations.

I haven't found answers to all my questions, or a potion to soothe my seething soul. But I understand now that answers aren't always immediate, available, or required ingredients of internal tranquility. And *that* realization is an answer in itself. I'm a literature parasite, feeding from those with the insight, intellectualism, and inspiration that I need for emotional survival. Perhaps that's a weakness, but it's a vice I'm content to nurture.

STUMBLING IN

by Kathleen A. Jones

Betty and I became friends the first summer that we worked together. When business was slow, we would often share information about our homes and families. There were several differences in our backgrounds. My parents were lower-middle class, middle-aged, and permissive with their children.

Betty's father was old enough to be her grandfather. He was very stern with his only daughter. She was seldom allowed to date. Smoking cigarettes and drinking liquor were obviously the road to corruption. Betty would never be allowed to travel this route.

After an evening's work, two young men employees asked Betty and me to go for a ride with them. While we discussed this invitation, the young men mentioned that they had a bottle of gin. We were minors: forbidden by law to purchase or consume liquor. Because of this fact, the gin and the young men became very fascinating. The forbidden fruit was within reach.

Betty and I decided to go for the ride and relax with a drink. This would be very sophisticated behaviour for young ladies. But, before long, Betty became very drunk and acted very unladylike.

Everyone in the car decided to take my friend home where she could sleep comfortably. The car was driven into the driveway and parked near the front door. The young men offered to help Betty into the house, but she insisted that I help her. She was afraid that her father would awaken and see her coming home, drunk and accompanied by two boys. She draped herself around my neck and shoulders, leaning on me for support.

Because the door was locked, I slid Betty onto the bench near the front door. In the dark, I felt through her purse, trying to find a key to that door. Finally, I found a key ring with four thousand keys, minimum. After numerous attempts, the door unlocked. Slowly, I pushed the door open.

I propped Betty into a semi-upright position and proceeded through the door. I was in a strange house with a drunk friend. Somewhere in this house, there were two strict parents.

"Where's your bedroom, Betty?" I whispered.

"Straight ahead," was her slurred reply.

In the dark, I made a quick visual survey of the house. I realized that her bedroom was not straight ahead because there was a mirror directly in front of

us. Mirrors are usually on closet doors or inside bedrooms. Serious consideration was given to depositing Betty in the closet. But, I decided to try to find her bedroom.

To the left was a big room with a large picture window. This room was definitely not a bedroom.

Slowly and cautiously, we turned to the right and walked through the kitchen and breakfast nook. Straight ahead were three closed doors. (Which door is the tiger behind?) Following Betty's expert, but muddled advice, we went straight ahead to the middle door.

Slowly, I opened the door. It squeaked and creaked. (When trying to sneak into a friend's home, the doors squeak; when trying to sneak into a friend's home, the doors squeak and creak.) My heart stopped as I looked behind the door. It was a girl's bedroom.

We tried to cross the floor quietly, but the boards cracked with each step. When we reached the bed, Betty collapsed. The bedsprings moaned and groaned under the sudden weight.

As I turned to leave, Betty mumbled something about a nightgown. To keep her quiet, I tried to find the nightgown. After searching through several drawers, all to no avail, I saw the phantom nightgown hanging behind the squeaky door. I struggled to remove her uniform and pulled the nightgown over her head.

Again, I turned to leave, partially closing the bedroom door behind me. Slowly, choosing my steps carefully, I passed through the kitchen and breakfast nook.

Upon reaching the front door, I saw that the keys were still in the lock. Then I realized that Betty's purse was still on the bench. After removing the keys from the lock and retrieving the purse from the bench, I tiptoed back to the bedroom. Quietly, I put the purse on the floor behind the door.

Once more, I turned to leave. One of the doors was open. There stood an old, very heavy man with bony legs. He hunched over, pulling up his baggy boxer shorts as he waddled out of the bathroom.

"Hi," I said and walked quickly out the door.

Since that chance meeting, I have seen Betty's father on many occasions. He has never mentioned that night we first met and I have never asked.

UNTITLED

by Diane O'Neill

Snowflakes melting
on October's fallen leaves.
Suicidal messengers
of winter's
best intentions.

LOBSTER CHASE

by Lisa Kessel

I wish for you, Father
a chance to chase your dreams,
a seventh heaven.

For you should
chase after lobsters
off the Monhegan shoreline.

In the snow,
waters chilled,
16 knots pushing you along
in an open boat.

For you can get the best
pound lobsters
in the worst weather.

And Maine will take you
close to the fairness.
A better place,
never too close to the shoreline.

In the fog,
the netted crates
will pull in all the answers.

HAIKU

by Thomas Bonczar

Birds far overhead
Send seeds floating to the ground
To be spring flowers.



THE LONGEST RIDE

by Diane O'Neill

As I crossed the street to the phone booth, I felt like a bow-legged cow-puncher too long on the trail. I had been on that motorcycle for over eight hours. My husband, Joe, and I had been touring Wisconsin and Michigan for over a week and were on the last leg of our trip. We had just ridden from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, along the shore of Lake Michigan, through Michigan's Upper Peninsula along Lake Superior, and crossed the Mackinac Bridge into Mackinac City. Intending to camp there for a few days, we were dismayed to find the campground at our favorite state park filled. Experiencing the prejudice against bikers which seemed prevalent at tourist town motels, we were tired, hot, and totally exasperated. To add to the misery, I had injured my knee, which was swollen and very sore. I dropped the coins into the slot and dialed our friend's number.

"Hello?" Kay had answered the phone.

"Hi! How're things down there in Saginaw?"

My friend was surprised to hear my voice. "We're fine. Where ARE you?"

"In Mackinac City. We want to ride on down and spend the night with you and George, if it's O.K."

She didn't hesitate, "Of course it's O.K. But that's a heck of a ride at this time of day; why not wait and ride down in the morning?"

I was too tired to explain. "It's a long story, Kay; we'll tell you about it when we get there. But hey, it'll be late when we roll in, so don't wait up. We'll see you at breakfast. And thanks, Kid."

I stepped out of the booth and walked back to where Joe was still sitting on the big motorcycle. He was grinning. "You walk like a cowboy, Dear." He ducked as I swung at his chest.

"So. You smell like one. Don't you bikers ever take baths?"

He stuck out his tongue. "Sorry, Mr. Motel Manager, Sir. I can't afford to rent your showers."

I slid onto the seat which had been home for what now seemed like months. "Isn't that the truth though? Let's go to Saginaw."

The bike roared to life and within minutes we were headed south on Interstate 75 toward good friends, a hot shower, and a soft bed. The sun was sink-

ing rapidly, and the countryside was bathed in a soft orange glow. This particular stretch of highway ran through unpopulated forest, and at this time of day there was little traffic. We had the world to ourselves, and I leaned back to enjoy the sunset. It had been a hot day, and the cool evening wind was refreshing. Having a bad habit of falling asleep on the back of the bike, even at 65 miles per hour, I wasn't surprised when Joe tapped my leg to wake me. Darkness had fallen. The only light to be seen was the spot which the headlight made on the black stretch of highway ahead. There wasn't another vehicle on the road, and nothing around us but dense, dark forest.

With the night came the cold. We slowed our speed to minimize the wind which slapped bare faces and cut through leather jackets. My knee began to ache, and my hands were freezing. Just when I was sure I was about to freeze solid, we saw the lights of an all-night gas station ahead. Joe took the exit. He went in for hot coffee, while I unpacked the extra jackets and found my gloves, then went in to join him in the warmth of the station's office. The attendant watched us put on the second jacket and the gloves. "Goin' far, folks?" Joe answered, "To Saginaw." The man's eyes widened. "That's a heck of a ride this time a night. Pretty cold ride too." With that brilliant observation in mind, Joe slipped on his gloves. "How are you doing, Hon?" I zipped my jacket to my chin. "O.K. except for this knee. The cold sure isn't doing it any good. But I'll live. Kay can nurse me back to health when we get there. Once a nurse always a nurse, you know. How much longer?" He checked his watch. "Quite a while, I'm afraid. We have to go so slow because of the cold. Ready?" I forced a smile. "Oh sure!"

It had become even colder, and a dense ground fog was rolling over the highway. The headlight seemed as if it were trying to pierce a cement wall, and we could see only a few feet ahead. Joe held the bike to its slowest speed and finally pulled to the side of the road. The fog was so heavy that it was impossible to see. I climbed stiffly down from the bike and walked to the grassy area along the shoulder, while Joe found some paper towels he had taken from the gas station. Looking above the fog, the sky was clear and a million stars crowded the blackness. I had never seen such darkness. The entire world disappeared into black and fog, and I felt very much alone. I rubbed my knee and wondered if I would ever be warm again. I almost wished we had paid the outrageous motel fees and spent the night in Mackinac. Joe's voice startled me. "We're the last two people left on Earth. It's beautiful out here in a strange sort of way." I leaned against his warm chest. "In a cold sort of way. It makes you feel awfully small and insignificant, doesn't it?" We stood for several minutes in the black void. "Come on, Eve, let's go." Almost reluctantly, I climbed back on the bike.

The rest of the trip made the first half seem like a pleasure ride. Every few minutes we had to wipe our face shields in order to see. The wetness which clouded our vision soon worked its way through Levis and leather jackets. Joe

reached back and covered my knee with his hand whenever he wasn't swabbing his shield with the towel. We stopped many times to re-adjust jackets, dig sweaters out of the back-pack, or just hug each other to get warm. Not one vehicle had passed us since we'd left the gas station. I wasn't frightened, but so sore, cold, and wet that I had to fight the urge to cry. I knew that Joe wasn't feeling much better about the situation. Being in front of me, he was even wetter and colder, and had to strain to see through the fog and darkness. We stopped once again under an overpass bridge. Joe lit us both cigarettes. "It won't be much longer now. I'm sorry the trip has been so miserable, but we're almost there. You all right?" I curbed the urge to cry. "I'll make it. Do you realize we've been on this thing since 7:00 yesterday morning and ridden just short of 500 miles? I'll never get on this monster again, if I ever get off it, that is!" He hugged me, wiped my shield, and started the bike. "Next stop, Saginaw!"

We pulled under the awning that covers our friends' patio at 2:30 a.m., ten hours after I had called Kay, and nearly twenty hours after leaving Oshkosh, Wisconsin. We were frozen and soaked to the skin. Joe helped me down from the bike. "Well, we made it." He was smiling. I sat down on the steps, and suddenly, I had the uncontrollable urge to smile too. "Yeah, we did, didn't we? I feel like the pioneers, crossing the country and battling the elements and all of that. It was kind of exciting, wasn't it!" Joe sat down beside me. "You are crazy, Lady. But I don't feel so funny about what is on my mind right now. I was thinking about trying to cross-country to California next year. Too crazy for you?" I got up and pushed the wet hair from my eyes. "If my leg is out of the cast by then. So, what's so crazy about California?"

Kay and George were waiting up for us. Kay dried me off and wrapped my knee, while we told them of the ride down from Mackinac. Not being motorcycle fans, they were horrified at both our story and our sorry physical condition, and Kay insisted that we stay for a few days to recover from our "ordeal." We agreed gladly. I accepted a cup of coffee from George. "That will give us time to tell you about our plans to try California next year. We think it would be a great trip." George raised one eyebrow. "After this trip, you want to go to California? You know, you're both crazy!"

*

I winked at my husband. "Yeah, we know."



GRANDPA AND ME

by Gloria Wilkens

A large picture window covered the entire front of the shop, except for the front door with its small stoop. That large window was very important to me as a child, for my world passed by it as I'd sit there with my Grandpa, discussing whatever came into my head. When he was busy with customers, I'd be propped up on the wide window sill to watch the goings on of the village I lived in. Across from the barbershop, on the other side of the street, was the blue green St. Clair River. What wonderful dreams my Grandpa and I would share while looking out of that window onto the river. We could sail around the world and never leave the shop.

The main part of the shop was a large unique room, which held many treasures of my Grandpa's. There were few things he enjoyed more than sharing these treasures with the children of the village. A large glass encased show case ran across the back of the room. It was filled with antique toys and musical instruments. Grandpa never was able to travel much, but his many friends that did travel would bring him interesting things from around the world and he displayed them in the glass case.

A neat line of chairs for customers to sit and wait their turn, or just to sit and visit the time away, ran along another wall. Important men sat in those chairs and visited with my Grandpa and me: doctors, lawyers, a judge, millionaires, religious leaders, and just plain folk. One special chair, a captain's chair, was for me. It came off the lake ship, the Queen Mary. I'd sit Indian style in that old chair and read comic books, which were stacked waist high under the large library table in the center of the room. Now what you don't know is my mother didn't like me to read comic books, but in the shop Grandpa was king, so I read comic books.

The most unusual wall of the room was behind the barber chairs. It was covered with a huge mirror, which is not so unusual, but this mirror was almost totally covered with the pictures of hundreds of school children. It was a privilege and an honor for the children to be allowed to place their own picture on the mirror. The only qualifications for this honor were you had to be a student and you had to be clean of thought and person. Some of the pictures were 45 years old.

Although Grandpa had very little formal education, he realized how important it was and encouraged all to go to school. If a child didn't have proper clothes or supplies for school, Grandpa made sure they did.

Grandpa is gone now; the shop has been sold; the treasured comic books have long had their stories read; the antique toys and musical instruments have been sold to a museum, but my captain's chair from the Queen Mary sits in my kitchen today, full of all my wonderful childhood memories of Grandpa,

me and the barbershop.

As I would sit on the back steps of my Grandpa's home, knees tucked under my chin, I would listen as he would tell me all about his garden and the delicious and beautiful plants growing there. The carrots were for my eyes, the lettuce for my curls, the spinach for good blood, and the tomatoes for love. He would feel the ground and lift a handful of dirt in his hand and smell it. I would smell it too. Then he would let it filter back to the garden, through his fingers. "Always care about the land," he would softly say.

Grandpa loved his garden, and rightly so, for it was a work of art. The vegetables were grown in neat straight rows and all was framed in a border of yellow, gold, and brown dwarf marigolds and various colors of dahlias. Tulips lined the fence with pink and yellow tea rose bushes here and there in the yard. Outside of the border were two pussy willow bushes and forsythia. In front of the garden, facing the street, was a rock garden with a goldfish pond near its center. Large and yet larger rocks surrounded the pond and I would sit in the sun on the flat rock and watch the fish. If I was very still and quiet, a goldfish would nibble at my fingers in the cool water. Many pictures were taken of me sitting on the rock. How large it seemed when I was small.

Before Grandpa's home was sold and the wonderful garden turned under for urban renewal, I took bulbs and slips from different plants to grow in my own garden, but they never did well. I guess they missed his gentle touch and caring spirit. The rock also was rescued and came home with me. It has done well and lives in my front yard under a pine tree.

"Time to come in from the garden," Grandpa announced. We would wash our hands at the outside tap and take a drink of the icy water, then in the house for a treat of ice cream.

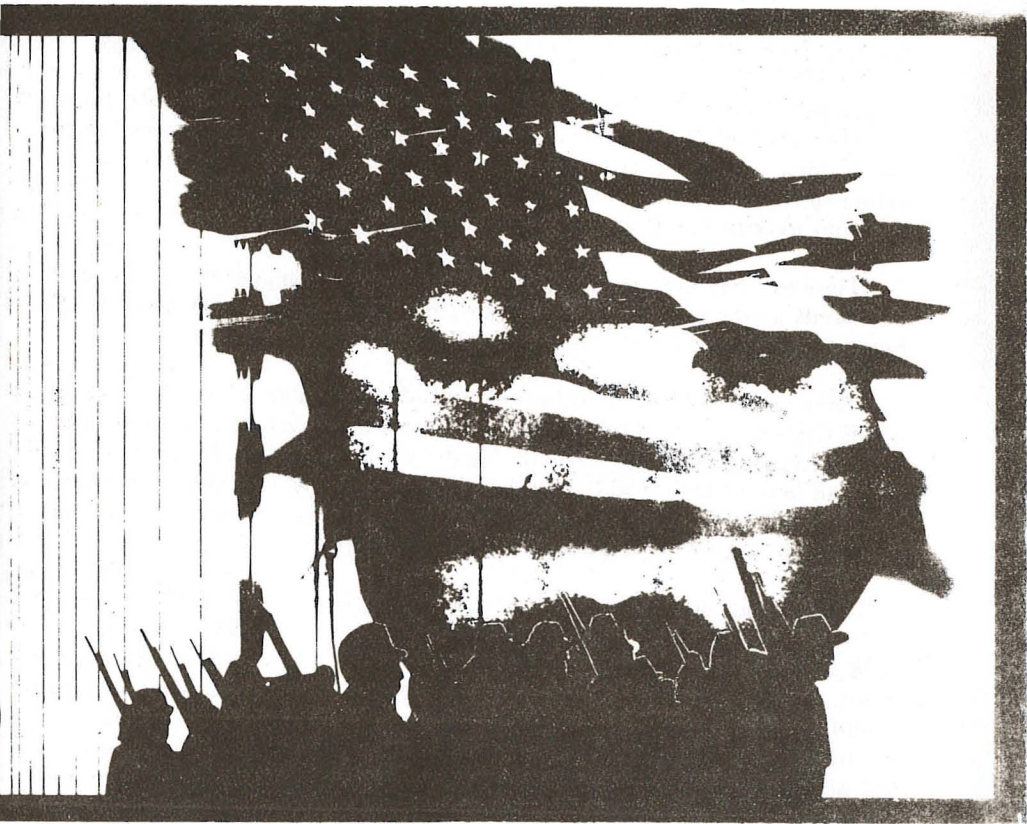
"Time to get ready," he would say and off I would go for my bath. Afterwards Grandpa would brush my hair and kiss my neck a few times and ask me if I remembered to brush my teeth. He didn't want me to have teeth like his, so I had better brush. I didn't see anything wrong with his teeth. They were straight and white and had a special ability mine didn't. Grandpa's teeth came out at night and sat in a glass of water on a night stand beside his bed.

The best part of the overnight visit came next. The two of us would turn off the light and curl up in Grandpa's favorite chair next to the radio and listen to such wonderful programs on the radio as *Fibber Magee and Molly*, *Amos and Andy*, *The Squeaking Door*, and *The Thin Man*. During the funny skits we would laugh together and Grandpa would tickle me. During the scary parts he would hold me tight. I can still smell his hair tonic and after-shave lotion and feel his starched collar against my cheek and his hand stroking my hair. The sweet smell of tobacco was always present. I would feel myself getting drowsy

but fought to stay awake to hear the last of all the programs.

I would awake in the morning between crisp fresh sheets with the aromas of breakfast coming up the stairs. I don't remember climbing those stairs to bed.

Our breakfast was hot and waiting on the table for us. Hot cereal with raisins, hot ovaltine, and a special treat for me, a large sugar cookie. After our breakfast together I'd walk Grandpa to the barbershop, my hand in his. How proud I felt as all the shop keepers came to their doors and called, "Hi, John. Who's the princess you've got with you?" As we would reach the barbershop Grandpa would give me a kiss and off I would skip, home to tell my brother about Grandpa, me, and the overnight visit.



FRIDAY — AND THE SENDING AWAY CEREMONY

by Paul Worthington

The lodge where we were to conduct a Native American culture camp sat above the deepest valley among the bluffs east of the Missouri River, near Council Bluffs, Iowa. The deck of this lodge faced the setting sun. From the valley below was a carpet of hardwood trees, rolling to the banks of this great river. This view, especially the valley below, was one of those that stirs the spirit of men and women to be silent, and simply observe. I was not any different.

This valley, which stretched several hundred yards below, already carried memories for me. During those silent moments of looking out and down into the area below, I could not help but covet the birds' experience as they would crest the hill above me and glide silently into the world below. Two months earlier, in these silent spaces, I had built a Native American sweat lodge. This lodge is used for religious or ceremonial purposes by the Indian people. This, too, was upon my mind, as I had not yet experienced its use.

During the first few days of the camp I was troubled with yet another preoccupation. I felt the desire to truly place the children in contact with themselves and the earth. I desired that they know this land which was, and still is, inhabited by American Indians. I saw a need for them to know themselves.

My staff and I had specific objectives by which to accomplish this. We taught them crafts indigenous to Native American culture, in that they might discern life style. They were exposed to singing and dancing as components of the fine arts. There were legends shared, which drew comparison between what was, and is now, in terms of cultural life-styles. Thursday night, the fourth day of the camp, they stayed all night and joined us in an Indian feast and celebration dance, but something was amiss. Something still needed to be done on the final day. They had not yet transcended their culture into the world of those that truly owned this land. The final day these red, yellow, black, brown, and white children needed to experience this transition. We were not yet tribal in nature.

Thursday night, as the children slept, my preoccupations with the hill, valley, sweat lodge, and sharing the American Indian culture with the youngsters came to an end. As we were suffering the dedication sweat of the sweat lodge with Omaha tribal spiritual leaders, I perceived what was to happen Friday, the last day of camp. I saw that day and the Sending Away ceremony taking place, satisfying all my preoccupations.

We awoke the children at day break and separated them into clans, a basic unit of American Indian tribal structure. There were five: Bear, Eagle, Loon,

Deer, and Turtle. Each one of the staff members took his clan, containing six children, and went into the wilderness below. They were not given anything to eat or drink that day. They were to be alone, most of them for the first time in their lives. During this time they were instructed to relate with all that they had learned, with all that they saw, and to understand that they belonged on this sunship called earth, and that they were part of it. It was after each of them was placed by themselves, to consider their lives and all that had transpired, that I made the arrow for the Sending Away Ceremony.

I chipped the arrowhead from obsidian using a piece of deer antler and leather. It was as black as a moonless night. The shaft was made from snow bush, straight and clean. The fletchings were cut from the wings of a great-horned owl, the symbol of death to many Indian cultures. The arrowhead and fletching were tied with deer sinew. The knock was reinforced with sinew also. The arrow was prepared.

The hours grew longer and the children's patience was wearing thin. This was good. I wondered what were they experiencing, and if the quiet of the earth had become deafening to them. How was it for them to know a day waning on into late afternoon, without food, drink, or human companionship? Hopefully, the Sending Away ceremony would reveal what they had accomplished. Their parents would be arriving soon and it was time for the ceremony to begin. The sun was setting.

On the balcony of the lodge, above the valley, a circle was formed with everyone sitting down except the parents. All of those involved in the camp were amongst the children. For the first time all week we had the campers' undivided attention. They, too, really saw the valley below. I held the arrow before them and explained what was to transpire.

"Each of you participating in this ceremony must take this arrow, and while holding it, give it all those things that hurt, all those things you know you have done wrong. Give to it the times that you have abused others, and the earth, which sustains your life. If you wish, you may do this in the form of a prayer. After each person has done so, and the arrow has gone full circle, the arrow will be offered to the Creator. The setting Sun represents the Creator because it, like the Creator, grants us life. After it has been offered as such, it will be sent to the Sun, the Creator, from the bow, which represents our will. If our offering is humble and honest, what you have given will be taken away. The Great Spirit will then give the arrow to the earth, cleansed by the Sun's light, just as you and I shall return to the earth."

The arrow was then passed to the first person. Many things happened while these thirty young people and the staff held the arrow. Each individual became part of the arrow, giving to it that which they had understood to be wrong. It appeared as though their preparation had not been in vain. The preoccupations I had were not in vain. Some of them examined and some were

inclined to simply shut their eyes. Others turned the arrow as if to know it, while a few held it very still staring into the spaces of the valley below, as if fearful of its representation. The parents were generally bewildered, and rightfully so. They could not understand what was happening in spite of the explanations given concerning the Ceremony. They had not gone through the necessary steps of preparation. They had not suffered for this occasion.

It now happened that these urban children were, at least for the moment, no longer urban. They had spent time alone giving their spirits to their Mother, the Earth. There was an awareness that we were becoming true children. This day the wings of our spirits would not be clipped. The children could understand what was happening, and not through me, but through themselves and their own experiences. Thus, the participants were now prepared from their day of aloneness and reflection. The remainder of us were prepared through our experiences this day and the night before in the sweat lodge. We were all prepared to now fly, though it be only in spirit, through these same currents of air, as the birds into the valley below.

With the arrow returned to me, I too gave it the hate and guilt I had through the hurting of others. The arrow received all that was unclean in me. Upon this I offered this messenger, the arrow, to the setting Sun, the Creator, as the tradition of the ceremony dictated.

As I placed the arrow in the bow, I looked into the eyes of the children. There was great anticipation and enlightenment. They were ready, as I was, to fly. Turning, I drew the arrow back full to the black arrowhead, which was now white in the light of the Sun. It was aimed directly to the center. I said a farewell and released. Time, for a moment, stopped. Our messenger to the Creator disappeared into the light above and then into the valley below. We had nothing to say because we were flying. Our spirits were for the moment taken. They did not belong to us. We had given them away.

No longer did I wonder what it was like to soar into the valley below. No longer was I concerned with sharing the culture of the Indian people with these children. The guidance from the experience of the sweat lodge was good. My preoccupations of this week, sharing part of a culture I perhaps did not have any business sharing, and hoping for the best life had to offer, had come together for these children and me. As I reflected upon this, my private silence was broken by a father who said, "Let's go home, son," to which the child replied, "I am home, dad."



JOURNEY

by M. K. Callahan

Surrounded by towering pines, it was difficult for any outsider to realize that the house was even there. The trees guarded Grandpa's house with their long grey shadows and whispered eerie secrets into our imaginative ears. Our weekly visits took us within this fortress, up the drive through a sun-lit field of hay rippling in the wind, growing for non-existent horses.

At the edge of the pasture was the barn, the wood warped and cracked, rough and splintery to the touch, the red paint faded and peeling. Although it was kept padlocked, the barn was regularly trespassed against by digging tunnels under it or by climbing through a broken window, depending upon whether we were bank robbers or mountain climbers. Bank robbery proved more profitable; a veritable Fort Knox yielded gold plated goblets and bowls. The best heist netted my first bicycle: high handlebars, wide leather seat, red fenders and balloon tires. Never much admired in an age of speed enthusiasts who raced by hunched over and clutching their gears, the big red balloon was worth a million to me.

Usually, after burglarizing the barn or some other excitement, it was necessary to relieve oneself which required a trip to the outhouse. It was much more convenient to interrupt an outdoor adventure with a quick stop here rather than race up to the house and endure Mother's interrogation of our doings when more urgent matters needed attending. The outhouse itself was clean; every spring a mysterious man came to perform the annual ritual of tipping the whole building over on its side to shovel out the pit and toss in bags of lime dust. Inside, it had three seats or holes to choose from: a very large one, a middle-sized one, and a small hole which was just the right size for any child that had to use it. The only problem was that there were no lights in the outhouse. If one was in a hurry and didn't look before he sat, he might end up with the seat around his armpits and his knees in his chest. Then the decision had to be made, either to call for help and die of embarrassment or to be frightened to death by the gargantuan spiders that dwelled in the outhouse. The spiders usually terrified us into screaming for help which was close by. We always made each other wait outside the outhouse door just in case such an event happened.

The next stop was the inspection of the well. This, too, was kept screened and padlocked, but we never violated this barrier. We know it was to keep some horrible, terrible creature down there. By slipping pebbles through the wire mesh, we would listen to how long they took to plunk on the bottom of the well, and with this scientific testing of the depth we knew we were safe from IT.

Towards sunset was the time to start the indoor thievery and inspections. Entering the porch on the west side, the sunlight still filled the room warmly.

Piles of newspapers were scattered about, our Sunday comics where we had left them the week before. At that time of day Grandpa was asleep in one of the wicker rocking chairs, the sun gleaming on his hairless pate and glinting in the glasses that slid down his nose, hands folded over, rising and falling with his great stomach. Always close to his chair was his spittoon (an empty Chock-full-o-Nuts coffee can). Grandpa liked to chew and he loved to spit. Mother used to spread the newspapers around his chair, around the coffee can, and every place in between, but that didn't improve his accuracy one bit.

Through the sunporch door was the kitchen, overwhelmed by the black cast iron stove which always had a white enameled pot gurgling on top. The pungent smell of cabbage filled the house whenever we visited, but for some reason we were never allowed to eat it. Instead, we were encouraged (by Grandpa) to stuff ourselves with the sticky sweet walnut strucla or poppy seed cakes that awaited us on the kitchen table. Washed down with glasses of cold milk, the cabbage smell didn't seem so bad, and we were then ready to explore some further nook of the house.

Padding our way into the parlor, we'd bounce on the huge over-stuffed sofas, sniff the silk flowers, and drape ourselves with the linens that covered all the table tops. Wonderful birds, flowers, and colorful people with baggy pants, long skirts and babushkas were woven into them. We'd wonder about the many volumes of strange books written in an even stranger language and who had read them under those curious lamps.

To get upstairs, we had to go through the sitting room. We were afraid because the lamps were never lit there. Through the gloom, over the silhouettes of another over-stuffed armchair and a silent, long-necked telephone, loomed a portrait of a man staring into a campfire. If one lingered too long and caught his gaze, he'd send shivers up and down the spine and his ghostly image would chase us quickly out of the room and clattering up the hallway stairs.

Our fright would vanish however; for once upstairs, we were in heaven. High above Mother's persistent calls, we'd spend hours exploring the many rooms. Climbing aboard the tall, four-poster beds, we'd rig up goose down or patchwork-quilted sails and voyage to the land where those strange books downstairs were written and weave our games with the colorful foreigners woven in the linens.

Perhaps one of us had to nurse some private hurt or was contemplative and would hide away in one of the cavernous armoires that also could transport children's dreams into reality for a Sunday afternoon.

More often than not, we would raid the ornately carved dressers and wooden trunks that always seemed to hold a treasure made especially for some lucky pirate. Hauling our bounty of floppy, wide-brimmed hats, dolls, or an old clock down the creaky wooden staircase, we'd always be confronted by

Mother's harsh words and lectures about "knowing better." We knew well enough to go to Grandpa with tearful eyes and blubber (with a few snuffles thrown in for good measure). With a great bear hug and beery kiss he assured us our thievery was quite all right with him. Ushering us back into the kitchen, he would override Mother's loud protests by telling her to leave us children alone. Then, telling us to sit (which we always did with expectant obedience), he'd press a coin or two into our hands and very seriously ask us if we'd like a shot of whiskey. Owing to Mother's rising hysteria, we always politely refused but thought he was wonderful just for asking.

Usually, the weekly whiskey episode brought a rapid end to the visit (and Mother's patience) and all six of us were reluctantly stuffed into the cramped back seat of the car. With more kisses and hugs squeezed through the car window, we would promise to visit next week. Noses pressed against the rear window, trying for one last glimpse of Grandpa's diminishing figure, we fervently wished for a flat tire or some fortunate fate which would keep us there forever. Exiting through the pine barricade, we'd descend upon Mother with a chorus of "When can we come back?" "We'll see" was the best answer she could give.

After some minutes the excitement of the day's explorations and the steady ker-chunk, ker-chunk of the tires on the concrete pavement caused the younger children to doze off, heads, arms, and legs askew in the cramped back seat. I made myself more comfortable by hunching on the bump in the middle of the floor and rested my head and arms on the front seat. Noticing Mother's tired, grim look, I asked why she didn't like visiting Grandpa.

"I can't explain it to you," she said curtly, "you just don't understand him at all."

"That's silly," I thought to myself, knowing better than to argue with Mother. He and I understood each other perfectly.

MODERN MAN:

by Ruth J. Kodet

Soft
plastic petroleum drippings
molded
absent-mindedly
on endless assembly lines
into
inflexible white blobs.



WOMEN AND WORDS

by Beve Kreger

The origin of English words predated America, most based on words of other countries and cultures. With changes in the culture of an industrial society, many words have lost their original intent, taking on new meanings and definitions due to the frequency of misuse or an alteration in attitudes or beliefs. In an attempt to clear ambiguous statements, prayers, laws, and documents have been rewritten. Prayer books are being revised by the use of modern words, with meticulous care to maintain the context and poetry to bring young people into religion by offering clearer, more concise understanding of beliefs. The movement to plain English to eliminate the "legalese" in contracts, insurance policies and regulations by simplifying the language has gained momentum in just the past few years. Laws have been amended, retaining the intent, with the elimination or addition of certain words and phrases that gave confusion. Often the benefits are not worth the costs.

The ERA supporters are asking for a neutral description of words containing the characteristic of gender. There has been a prolonged disagreement among supporters and legislators ranging from reasonable to belligerent. All humans will be affected by the elemental change in the structure of material, the attitude of both men and women, and the laws currently protecting and/or inhibiting women.

Feminism—which gave America the sledgehammer phrase "male chauvinist pig"—may eventually succeed in neutralizing gender in language, but the linguistic changes it has proposed often have a tinny, doctrinaire sound.¹

The desexigrated description of positions, places, and things may have unfavorable results that women did not anticipate.

Some women have become zealous supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment cause. Others have gone further to become partisan adherents to feminism itself, believing that an amendment to the constitution is not enough. People have become chairpersons, councilpersons, and human-kind; a woman is a ms, and they have now proposed that we change the Lord's Prayer, removing the gender from "Our Father" to "Our Parent" or "Creator." If we accept changes in people and positions, will we next change places and things? What will become of Manhattan and Manila? If given a mandate to manage to deliver the manuscript to the mansion, will this manifest itself in our thoughts as we manipulate the manner in which we accept this manure? "Words are one of our chief means of adjusting to all the situations of life. The better control we have over words, the more successful our adjustment is likely to be."²

We cannot be a heterogeneous society unless we reckon with the situation

and remove the emotional sentiment from the irrational attitude.

When a word is bathed in emotion . . . there is no effort to be rational . . . The word triggers the response . . . Removing an emotionally charged word from a phrase and substituting a neutral synonym often gives us an insight that nothing else can.³

But the length to which one is willing to go to give support to this notion has its limit. Regardless of whether one supports the ERA or opposes it, the change in word usage is a gradual process that people choose to do or not do, not by dictation or ridicule, but over a period of time absorbing cultural changes and habits willingly.

Women have a right to demand equality with men but must be prepared to acknowledge and accept the inequities as well. The word feminism once dealt with the positive qualities pertaining to women. A feminine woman possessed characteristics thought to be the ideal attainments of women. The change has taken place and today feminism is a doctrine that maintains women's rights, and to be a feminist has negative qualities.

When King Charles II was in reign of England in the 17th century, men and ladies of the court met as equals and their licentious lives speeded up the loss of many words associated with women and sex. The references to woman as madam and dame have lost their respectability and taken on evil or degrading connotations. A wench is now a lewd woman or prostitute, when originally it merely meant a child of either sex. The word mistress originally meant a woman of power or authority, derived from the Old French word *maistresse*—feminine for master; Shakespeare had softened it to "lady love" in a nice way, but by the 17th century it was used to mean an illicit sweetheart. Today, a woman likes to be called pretty, but it would have been an insult in Old England as *praetig* meant cunning or sly, and the word made the progression through spelling changes of *praty* and *prety* to pretty, and its meaning from crafty to ingenious, then nice and fine to now—pleasant to look at.⁴

In the 1890's one would not ask the butcher for chicken legs or chicken breasts; it would be embarrassing unless dark meat and white meat were substituted. Today the vulgar phrase "beat your meat" is referring to sex with a woman as if she were a piece of meat, (piece having also taken on this slang meaning). Breast, a distant relative of a German word, *brüstern*, meant to swell up⁵—somewhere we've found the unflattering synonyms, tits and boobs.

If changing words and phrases contributes to clearer and more concise understanding of the language, it would benefit everyone; but for women to assert themselves for the sake of proving the accomplishment of equality or for the symbolism of power is to risk negative results as well.

You must make up your mind, my queen, to live with me in the greatest truth and sincerity. You will be charming so long as you let yourself be natural, and remain without pretension and without artifice.⁷

We must look at our goals, weigh the consequences, and not let our arrogance supersede our compensation. There are learned men that will say that all women were born with a natural desire for a penis; the luxury of being a woman is too high a price to pay!

¹ *Can't Anyone Here Speak English?* *Time*, 25 August 1975, p. 35.

² Bergen Evans, *The Power of Words*, *Language Awareness*, ed. by Paul Eshcholz and others, (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1978) p. 15

³ Evans, p. 14

⁴ Wilfred Funk, *Romantic Stories of Words About Women*, *Word Origins and Their Romantic Stories*, (New York: Bell Pub. Co., 1978), pp. 247-263

⁵ Funk, *Word Stories of the Boudoir and the Men's Dressing Room*, in *Word Origins*, pp. 75-94

⁶ Funk, pp 75-94

⁷ F. L. Lucas, *On the Fascination of Style*, *Design: Rhetoric and Anthology for College English*, by Fletcher Flynn and Thomas McGuire, (Belmont, CA: Wadsworth Pub. Co., 1978), p. 349.

PROMISES, PROMISES

by M. K. Callahan

The sepia tinted poster from 1932, advertising savings accounts, must have been as ironic then as it is now. A dapper young man with marcelled hair, attired in a pinstriped suit, sits on the arm of a wicker chair and lovingly smiles upon his equally adoring wife. The plump lace-gowned baby nestled in his parents' contentment sticks his tongue out a bit and grins at us. The bold white lettered caption over this idyllic scene asks us, "Young Hearts, Willing Hands and \$1,000 in the Bank, How can they help but Succeed?" Many young but despairing hearts, willing but idle hands that lost many thousands of dollars in the bank no doubt looked askance at this during the Great Depression. Perhaps that bright eyed infant pictured in this 1932 manifesto of optimism is really snickering. Once cradled by loving arms in a faded photograph, he is now a forty-eight year old man with a child of his own and one thousand dollars in the bank.

MA BELL

by Michelle Jones

Free phone in the Student Union
Life and death on the line
Collegians line up,
one-two-three-four
To dial home,
work,
Ma, Pa, whoever
Human drama over thin crackling wire
Brittle apologies
wild accusations
dinner arrangements
honey-I'm-pregnant (joy)
honey-I'm-pregnant (terror)
I passed the math test
What time you picking me up
. . . and then he says to me . . .

Life and death on the line
the free phone reaches out.

OLD REELS OF TAPE

by Ruth J. Kodet

Sometimes I venture backward
into my closets of time
Searching through, and finding
set-aside dreams, and disappointments

Written chronicles of temperament
Studied histories of mood
Observations of my own condition

Like a walk backward,
like rewinding old reels of tape
and playing them forward again—
accompanied by audible thoughts
lifted from rows and rows of ink.



EXCERPTS FROM MY JOURNAL

by Sally Tesluk

Prologue: Inane Rambling

I'm so glad that I will be voluntarily indentured into organizing my random and raving thoughts on paper! If laziness were a virtue, I would indeed be blessed among women.

I seem to have developed a pattern when wrestling with private uncertainties, I race to the humanities . . . I have found that through the experiences of sensitive, creative people I find solace and new ideas and affirmation of some of my previous ideals

On Beowulf

I enjoyed reading *Beowulf*, yet he himself didn't move me as did the heroes in other epics I've experienced. He seemed cold and distant. The entire epic struck me as coldly "matter of fact."

There was a spark of warmth between Hrothgar and Beowulf, later surfacing between Beowulf and Wiglaf, and yet I guess I missed not having more glimpses of Beowulf the man. I saw Beowulf the warrior, the chieftain, the ruler, the conqueror, and I felt a lack of a certain dimension of character. (I'm big on introspection this semester.)

I realize my ancestors prided themselves on stoicism. To "bear it" and not even "grin" was admirable. It's a shame that such attitudes continue to flourish after so many generations. Humans have been so afraid of appearing vulnerable that they have lost touch with "inner self."

Women have always had an emotional license to express feelings, but because of gender—not because of humanness. Many men remain emotionally retarded today, mental "Cambodian refugees." Early literature must have been the basis of these beliefs and the backbone of today's traditionalists' feelings. I hope that modern male heroes will embrace more vulnerability—and less John Wayne.

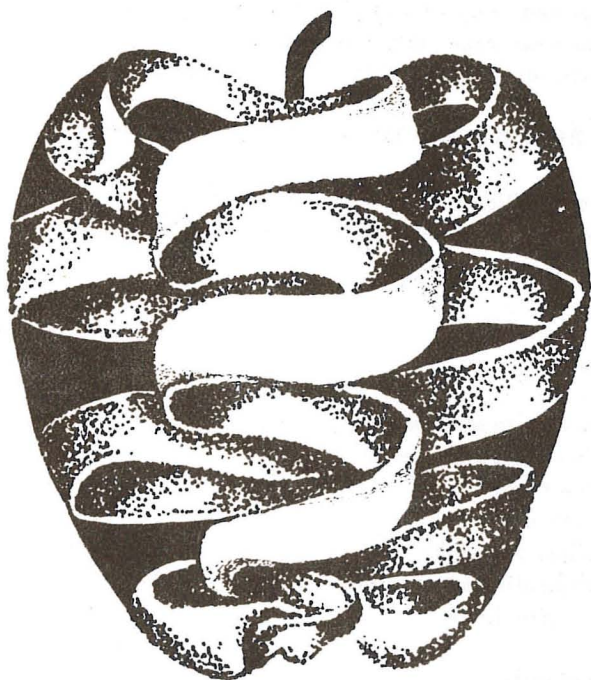
I really enjoyed the kennings. They seemed to be "mini metaphors," very descriptively exacting.

On the Riddle, "The Book"

"If the children of men will employ me . . ." I hope to convince my son of who this "best friend" really can be. If, as a legacy, I leave him with a love for printed material, I will be at peace knowing he will never be alone.

Books never desert you—they serve to incite, excite, expand, enrage, comfort, define, and refine feelings and present ideas. Books render the reader a participant in experience. Books define others' reality, transport, and uplift.

And, having read something, one possesses riches that can *never* be stolen.



REFLECTIONS OF A CATHOLIC EDUCATION

by Sheila Foley Switzer

HAIL MARY, FULL OF GRACE,

The bells of St. Mary's rang
In the Gothic church tower
Adjacent to the school.

THE LORD IS WITH THEE

Nuns in starched wimples, Madonnas
Untouchable, ruled absolutely. Priests
In flowing cassocks, prophets undeniable,
Preached unquestioning.

BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN,

Girls in pleated skirts, Peter Pan
Blouses and vests—no patent shoes.
Boys in blue serge suits, white shirts
And ties—no individuality.

AND BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB,

We were drilled in English, Math and
Religion—but we majored in
GUILT.

JESUS.

Subject: Snow

by Ruth J. Kodet

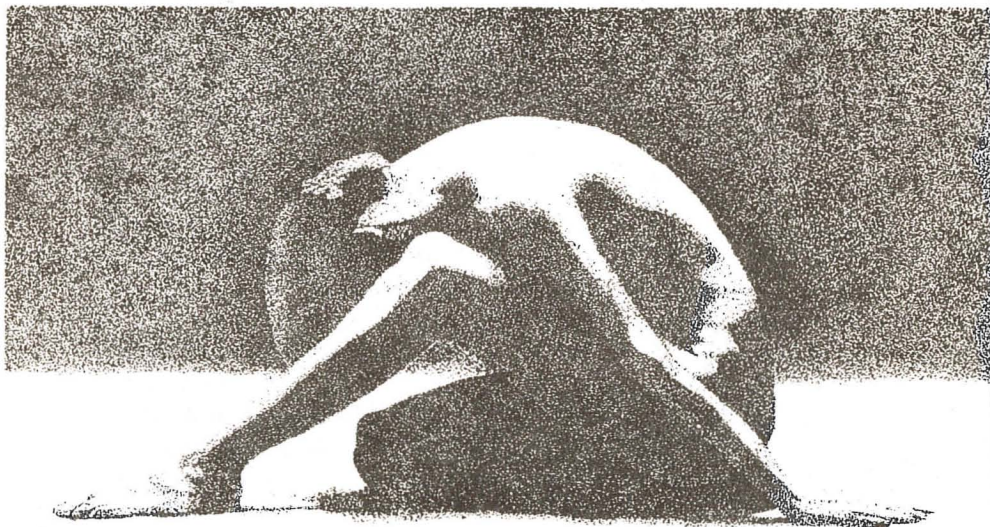
Every poet touches upon
a winter's snowfall
at some time,
scooping up
a handful or a flake
and depositing it on paper
in thin, fine lines:

miraculously
changing water into words-
and sometimes into wine.

QUEEN OF HEARTS

by Ruth J. Kodet

She drifted in, the too-late girl,
to the nearly empty bar and grill.
And the two promised men (who wished they were not)
drank their final beer
and thought
how fate had dealt
them luckless mean;
a pair of threes
instead of a queen.
And the two without a playing hand
(having folded early
and gotten canned)
stared at the barkeep's
smirking face
as he went about
to close the place.
Then having quietly
consumed a beer,
the girl wished one and all
good cheer
and drifted out into
the night
leaving regrets
and turned-down lights.



MOTOR MAGIC

by Ann Toole

Detroit waits baby.
Michigan city, born blue
pretending always pretending.
Grandeur aimed at, never touched
Rhinestones
beside gems—sooty manufacturing
city.

City of hope for
second generation immigrant families
aiming to be America
down deep
with foreign accents masking
rags to riches dreams.

Moving away

Bleak city for
countless young toughs standing
on corners
who gaze into empty shells of
prosperity
Hulking shells holding borrowed
nightmares at a price

Assembly line to nothing nowhere
Motor miracle
Weary city: no dreams to explore
Destitute, ten cent city
financing hate and despair.

Detroit packs
rising young executive and
prosperous magnates off each
night.

Cushioned in suburban
wrappings.
Shaking their heads at
street corner gangs,
who gaze back,

without appearing to look.
Wanting anything that is
real.
Now.

Right now Tired of standing, waiting for
the dreams.
Dreams that never come.

PASSAGES

by Jan Smilay

The landlocked heart has long to wait
Until the winter solstice comes,
Wherein a brighter vision steals
To lead us from the dark.

These hours were a litany,
A dialogue of kindred souls
Where silent spaces also spoke,
And poetry emerged.

Within this structured discipline
Was heard the mermaids' ethereal song;
We plumbed unknown, uncharted waters
And found a newer world.

Pursued by howling winds of change,
Forgetful of the homebound path,
We struck the endless, sounding furrows
And reached the happy Isles.

COUNTERFEIT

by Cindy Willey

"Here, let me help you with that." The familiar voice surged a warmth through her body.

"Jerry!" Cal smiled as she gave some of the boxes and packages to the snow covered man standing beside her. "It's been so long, Jerry! How's Sue, and the kids?"

"Great." A spearmint mist clouded from his mouth. "How come you and the kids don't ever drive up and see us? We'd really enjoy the visit."

"Oh, it's just so difficult for me to work around Wayne's hours I . . ." Cal felt her face freeze and the whipping wind stung her eyes. ". . . I keep forgetting that he's dead"

Jerry frowned and held her arm gently. "Are you sure you should be out shopping already? It's only been two weeks since . . . since the accident and Wayne's . . . death"

"I'm fine!" Cal smiled, blinking away the pungent tears. "Come on! You know, 'Tis the season to be jolly"

Jerry choked and dropped some of the packages into the drifting snow. "Sorry," he rubbed his throat, "I swallowed my gum."

"Are you O.K.?" she touched his arm.

"I'm breathing," he smiled momentarily and began to pick up the disappearing boxes and bags. "So," he exhaled, stacking the last of the parcels on top of the others, "how about some coffee, before we turn into snow people?"

"Sure," Cal laughed nervously, as they trudged their way to Diana's. Though together, they seemed miles apart. They fumbled over conversation, but hoarseness from shouting over the wind silenced them.

Cal tinkled the spoon on the sides of the cup as she stirred her murky coffee.

"Thank you," Jerry responded as the maroon uniformed waitress placed the bill face down on the table and swished away.

"Earth calling Cal. How's the atmosphere up there?" he smiled and pushed

his cup to the center of the table.

"Huh? . . . Oh, Sorry Jer. I was just thinking about the kids."

"Something wrong?"

"No," Cal smiled, "But I think it's about time that I go home and untie the babysitter."

Jerry smiled softly, but his brown eyes were deeply concerned. "I worry about you, Cal. You're all alone out there."

A razor sharp pain shot through Cal's heart as the tone of the conversation changed. "I've got the kids and . . . and the dog"

"Cal-lee, that mutt's afraid of the paperboy."

"He's a good dog."

"Let me drive you home," Jerry interrupted the brief silence. "With all the loony-tune cut-throats running around this holiday season, I'd feel a lot better if I knew you were safe."

"I'll be all right!" Cal countered, "I'm not worried, so why should you be?"

She followed Jerry's glance to her rapidly stirring spoon and reflexively pulled it out of the cup.

"Your sister is used to me coming home late. Susie won't mind if I take you home."

"But Jerry, I"

"Listen to your big brother-in-law and let him drive you home."

"Jerry"

"Cal-lee"

"Wait!"

"Cal-lee you"

"sssh! Let your little sister talk!"

"But Cal-lee . . ." he looked into her pleading eyes and melted. "O.K.! O.K.! Talk!"

"Did you drive here?"

"If I didn't drive here, Cal, I wouldn't have offered to drive you home."

"So what are we going to do with my car? Huh? Leave it in the parking lot and lock all the stuff I bought in it?"

Jerry sighed and leaned back in the bench-like seat.

"O.K., Cal. You win. But, at least let me walk you to your car."

"Only if you let me pay for the coffee."

"Cal-lee"

She whisked the bill off the table and up to the front of the store. When she returned, Jerry stood ready to help her with her coat.

"Why thank you, sir!" she mocked a British accent.

"It was me bloody pleasure miss!" he replied and began to reload himself with her things.

"Is that the last of it?" he asked, slamming the trunk shut.

"Yep, I reckon so."

Jerry smiled and hugged her, "Call me when you get home. He waved and ran down the parking lot, disappearing in the blowing snow.

Cal suddenly felt the icy wind begin to bite into the marrow of her bones. She opened the car door and sat inside. It was silent except for the wind howling through the small opening in the passenger side's window. In the darkness, she fumbled through her purse, looking for her keys.

"Ah ha!" a mist escaped from her mouth as her gloved fingers put the key in the ignition. "Let's get some heat in this tomb"

She felt her voice click off and then shrugged. "Big brother's got you spooked, Cal-lee. Nothing to be afraid of."

The engine sputtered and wheezed as she pumped the gas pedal and turned the key. "Come on Bessy. Nice warm garage waiting for you in Marysville."

VAROOM!

"Good Bessy! Good Girl!" she patted the top of the dashboard. Clicking the lights nad wipers on, she shifted into drive and began her way home.

"I hope the kids were human tonight. I lose more babysitters . . . Oh, Gosh! I don't have money for the babysitter! Let's see, three dollars left from paying for the coffee, and about one fifty in change. Shit! Looks like I'm gonna have to break my last twenty."

She drove further, looking for any place open to cash her twenty dollar bill. "I've got to find some change, I . . .Ow!"

The front seat shifted. "Good God, Bessy! I thought your bronco days were over!" She glanced into the rear view mirror, half expecting to see eyes peering back. She felt an eeriness, like warm, moist breathing on the nape of her neck. She began to press harder on the gas pedal. 50 . . . 60 . . . 70 . . .

"You're going to kill yourself! Calm down! Stop running scared!"

She slowed back down to 45 mph and noticed a shopping plaza up ahead. "A Photomat! And there's someone there!"

She pulled into the driveway and up next to the window.

"May I help you?" The youngish face asked politely as Cal rolled her window down.

"Yes. Could you please give me change for this twenty?" she pulled it out of the bank envelope and handed it to the young man.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am. I'm afraid this bill is counterfeit"

"Counterfeit! That's impossible! I got it from People's Bank just today!"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am. Could you please come inside? We'll call the bank and try to straighten everything out."

Cal sighed and shut off the engine. The icy wind caught her as she shut the car door. "At least he's being polite about it," she moaned, opening the door at Photomat.

The employee was dialing the phone. 9-1-1

"The police! My God! I didn't know it was counterfeit! I'm sorry, I'll just leave! Forget it!"

"Calm down!" the employee tapped the table as he listened to the dial tone. "Yes, Hello. Could you please send a squad car to this location, it's possible that there's been an attempted murder"

"What?" Cal's eyes widened as her mouth fell agape. "What in the hell are you talking about?"

"That's right . . . Uh-huh . . . Thank you." He hung up the phone and sat her in the chair with its back against the window. "Sit down, please, and try to relax"

"Relax? Just what's going on here?"

"Ma'am, there's a man crouched in your back seat. He has a hatchet"

"God . . ." Cal exhaled and ran a shaking hand through her hair.

"The police will be here any minute"

"He'll freak when the police come! What if he kills us both?"

"Look, I accused you of counterfeiting. He'll probably think that's why I called the police."

As the flashing red lights appeared, Cal felt drifty and numb. The squad car skidded on the ice and halted about four feet from her Buick. The officers leapt out and drew their guns, pointing them at the car.

"This is the police. Come out of the car with your hands up."

The door flew open. A hatchet sliced through the air in the direction of the officers. The officers ducked as the dark clothed, hunched figure scrambled into the night.

"Stop or we'll shoot!"

The bullets cracked through the icy air until they pierced the fleeing flesh. A painful shriek filled the air for only a second as the body fell to the earth like a rag doll.

Cal stepped out into the drifting snow. She walked dazedly, staring at the silent mass in the snow. The flashing lights blinked redness over everything-except the pool of slimey, red slush that surrounded a limp corpse, a limp corpse that could have been her.

EMALINE

by Ruth J. Kodet

Emaline washes dishes
And Emaline scrubs the floors;
She often wipes the window-panes
But never looks outdoors.
She never walks the garden
Her husband lately tilled,
Nor ever hears the happy lark
That on her chimney trilled.
Emaline never smells the sea
Nor visits in the town;
Morning never greets her smile,
Nor evening hides her frown.

Still, Emaline contents herself
with vellum black, and paste,
soft candelight by rocking chair
and memory's salty taste.
Working slowly, sure and deft
she glues the remnants of her past;
bits of life forever gone—
but time will make them ~~last~~.

GRENDDEL: THE MONSTER WITH A THREAT

by Beth Moore

Although portrayed differently in *Grendel* and in *Beowulf*, in both stories the monster demonstrates the destructiveness, conceitedness, vulnerability, and downright stupidity of mankind. Grendel exemplifies these traits in two different ways. In the first, the reader looks through Grendel's eyes to view the human race, whereas in the second, he looks at Grendel and compares Grendel's monstrous characteristics to those of all humans, but especially his own. Both views are effective in expressing the theme. The first, however, in which John Gardner, through the character of Grendel, steps back and observes man from a distance, hits harder because a horrible, man-eating monster appears more compassionate and human than man himself. Gardner forces the reader to look around him and evaluate his existence and purpose. Grendel's response to the men in the story is much the same as the reader's. First he is surprised and shocked by the incredibility of man's destruction. Next, he is lulled into believing war is acceptable and natural, yet he is aware that he is merely fooling himself. Third, anger strikes as he realizes the wastefulness and stupidity involved, and finally he succumbs to human ways, seeking revenge and killing pointlessly. Throughout the story the reader accompanies Grendel, and by putting himself in Grendel's place, the truth about the monster in all of us becomes infinitely clearer.

In Grendel's initial impression of humans, he realizes that they are "the most dangerous things" he had ever met. He observes their great power and is a little frightened by it until he understands that they only use it to kill one another. Grendel is confused by the human's destructiveness of each other. "It was slightly ominous because of its strangeness—no wolf was so vicious to other wolves." The reader and Grendel watch the pointless and ridiculous killings and consider the stupidity of eliminating one's own kind. If Darwin is correct, each species must struggle to exist and only the fittest survive; yet here is supposedly the most intellectual species on earth lessening its chances of survival by murdering its own members. Grendel, displaying his bestial manners, is disgusted, "I was sickened, if only at the waste of it." Grendel's distaste, however, only lasts until he hears the Shaper's tales.

The Shaper and his lies are the main reasons for man's vulnerability and conceit. With his harp and songs, he builds a false pride in them, telling the men that war is right and that they are great heroes. Grendel, too, begins to believe the Shaper; "Even to me, incredibly, he had made it all seem true and very fine." Grendel, although detached from the tales and aware that they are false, begins to aspire to be human, like the heroes of the mead-hall. He feels guilty about his blood-thirsty ways and wishes to be filled with "Hrothgar's goodness." Grendel's guilt is a perfect example of irony; the men are more blood-thirsty than he, yet through the Shaper's lies both groups believe the

opposite to be true. Grendel's vulnerability to the Shaper's story is equitable to our desires to believe everything is good and our refusal to face reality at times. But even Grendel understands that he must not believe the Shaper, and he goes to the dragon in order to find out about the Shaper's powers.

The dragon explains humans to Grendel. He tells Grendel that the Shaper saves them from their uneasy feelings, he provides an illusion of reality so that they never fully realize the truth. Through his aspirations to be human, Grendel, too, had believed the Shaper, but the dragon changed all that. The dragon tells Grendel that he is "the brute existent by which they learn to define themselves . . . you are mankind." Grendel's desire to be a good human appears briefly here as he questions the purpose of scaring men. He decides he would rather work to improve his character. At this point, in order to show him how ridiculous his aspirations to be human are, the dragon yells sarcastically, "Alter the future! Make the world a better place in which to live! Help the poor!" Gradually Grendel realizes that the dragon is right and that man would never accept him. This harsh realization results in Grendel's new evilness; evil like man. For awhile Grendel was under the spell of the Shaper, just as we all are, believing that he could become human by being good. The dragon, however, broke the spell and Grendel regressed back to a horrible monster, finally becoming more human-like. In his new image, he seeks a reason for his mercilessness, "I am a machine, like you. Like all of you. Bloodlust and rage are my character."

Grendel, in the abandonment of his desire to become human and his determination to be evil, actually becomes more human through his evilness. He tries to justify his killings just as countries at war try to explain their reasoning for taking soldiers' lives. In his evilness, Grendel's human characteristics become frighteningly clear to the reader. He sees himself in Grendel, as he has throughout the story, but this time he does not like what he sees.

The Grendel in the epic *Beowulf* is a cardboard monster in which the reader sees his own evil traits; on the other hand, the monster in the modern version of *Grendel* is the eyes of the reader as he observes his own race. The monster in *Beowulf* is described as "the fierce spirit" or "unhappy creature" or a "hellish enemy." The descriptions reveal none of the monster's feelings or thoughts. The reader must believe that he is purely evil and only there to make a few men heroes and to frighten the rest. It leaves the reader feeling nothing towards Grendel; he is not a believable character in *Beowulf*.

Unlike *Beowulf*, in *Grendel*, the monster could not be more real. In fact, he is more human than the humans at times. One example of Grendel's humanity is in the beginning of the story as he watches men at war. The reader thinks nothing of the war until Grendel, the monster, shows surprise at their behavior. Although both Grendels bring out the theme of man's monstrous characteristics, Gardner's modern version does so more effectively by fully developing the monster's character and creating him as warm and sympathetic, more so than many men.



BOARDING

by Roger B. Thomas

I inhaled deeply. Again. With each trembling breath I willed my muscles to ease, amazed at how tense they had become in the short time we had been walking. Stretching my fingers, I shifted my grip on the shotgun slide. It was good to be able to hold it, to occupy my hands so the shaking wouldn't show. Looking over at Chief Purnell, I could see that he was as tense as I. He wore a harried look of uneasiness and held his pistol too limply for a boarding party commander. The quickness in his stride and nervousness in the smile he shot back at me gave testimony to his insecurity. I did not envy his position. He was responsible for the boarding; if anything went wrong, he would have to make difficult decisions quickly. My job was merely to point the gun.

Up ahead, our quarry bobbed placidly on the morning ripples. The small glossy white cabin cruiser was tied at the end of the dusty concrete pier down which we were proceeding. I forced myself to breathe deeply and relax. Why was I so nervous? The boat, we had been told, was suspected of being used for narcotics smuggling. The two crewmen aboard the cruiser had noticed our approach now. Watch them! Four of us had been detailed to board, search, and arrest if necessary. My breath was coming fast as fear tightened on my stomach with every stride. Why was that man going below decks? The boarding looked textbook: board the vessel, look around, ask a few questions, and head back to the ship for lunch. The man was back on deck now, and all their eyes were on us as we drew near. The orders had said something about "possibly armed and dangerous," but all orders said that. We never had any trouble. The man on the right was stepping toward the gunwale. We were almost in talking distance now. We expected no hassles, no fuss. We were just doing our job.

"Hey—"

We were there. With a quick nod from the Chief, I leapt across the gunwale, past the man who had challenged us, and quickly took up station with my back to the cabin. Ramon jumped onto the fantail aft of the two men, the pistol in his hand pointed toward them but his eyes fixed above and to the left of me. Glancing in that direction, I saw a man on the flying bridge looking down at us. I hadn't seen him.

The man who had challenged us, a belligerent chap with curly brown hair and an obnoxious manner, was quarreling with Chief Purnell. Blustering and fussing, he demanded identification and a search warrant, but backed down as the Chief stepped aboard calmly. With Ramon and me in place and Dave covering us from the dock, he could take the time to establish control. Now his attention was divided between diplomatically smoothing the ruffled feathers of the brown haired protester and dealing with the man on the flying bridge.

As long as that man was up there, he was out of our control, so even as he was attempting to assure the brown-haired man of our legitimacy, Chief's eyes were glued to the flying bridge. Suddenly he stiffened, his gun snapping onto target. I quickly followed his aim to behold the man on the flying bridge sweeping us with the muzzle of a carbine.

That was enough. I half shifted my riot gun to a more offensive position, though I could see the man was holding the gun by the stock, his hands nowhere near the trigger. An M-1 carbine was an automatic weapon, illegal on a pleasure craft. These men were in violation of the law and could be treated as criminals. The Chief quickly stepped over to yank the gun from the man's hand, almost pulling him from the bridge in the process, and gruffly commanded him down. With nerves taut and gun ready, I watched his every move as he descended to the deck. Chief handed the carbine to Dave on the dock. Turning to the brown-haired man, who was now babbling about private property and the right to bear arms, the Chief bullied him into one of the fishing chairs.

"Sit *there*," he commanded, punctuating his words with his pistol. "And you, right *there*." He set the man from the flying bridge on the engine cowling at my feet. The brown haired man sat silent.

"Now," the Chief continued, taking advantage of his control of the situation. "That carbine is an automatic weapon, illegal to have on board a vessel like this. We're placing you under arrest and searching your boat."

This both simplified matters and complicated them. Searching the craft would be simpler now, but first we'd have to body search and handcuff the men. Our inexperience would show blatantly. The Chief motioned for Ramon to begin searching the man sitting at my feet. Thankful for my riot gun which precluded me from such tasks, I watched the two men aft as Ramon holstered his pistol and stepped forward to frisk the man. My job was merely to guard. These men were more used to the likes of us than we were to the likes of them. That brown-haired fellow needed some watching.

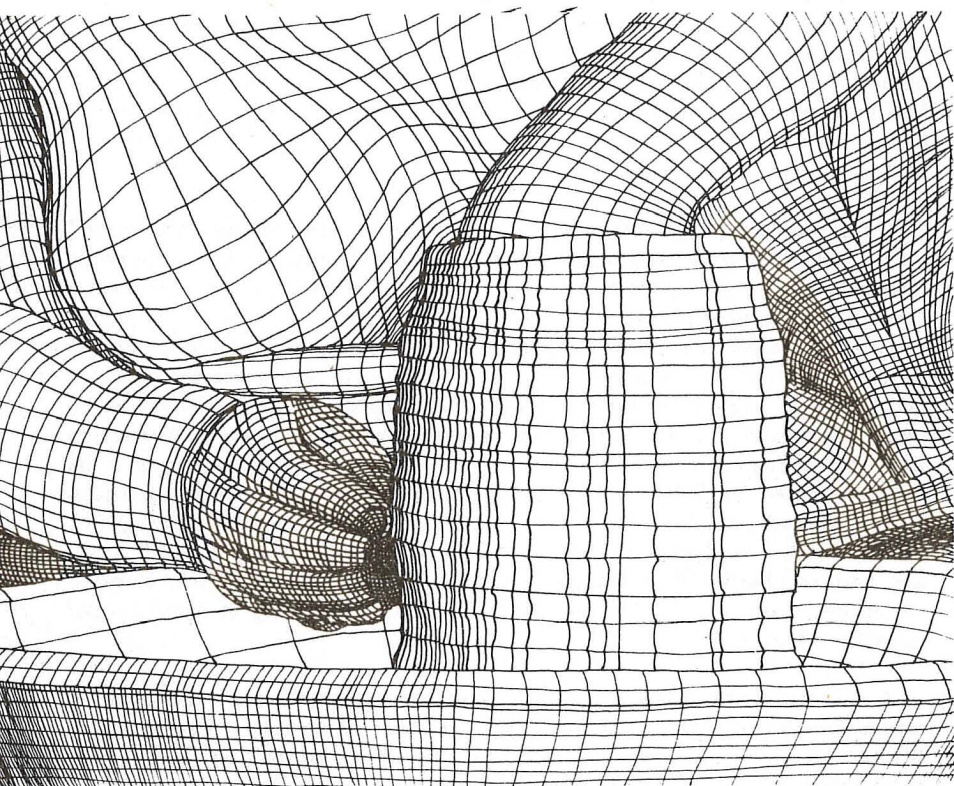
With a sharp gasp, the man Ramon was frisking collapsed in agony and began writhing on the deck. The brown-haired man leapt up, bursting forth in protest. Ramon looked with wide, horrified eyes at the man convulsing on the deck, then at the Chief. I stood frozen. It was a trick. It had to be. They were trying to throw us off, to hurt us. That was obvious, but doubt still gnawed. The circumstances were stressful. A heart attack could occur very easily. How were we to know?

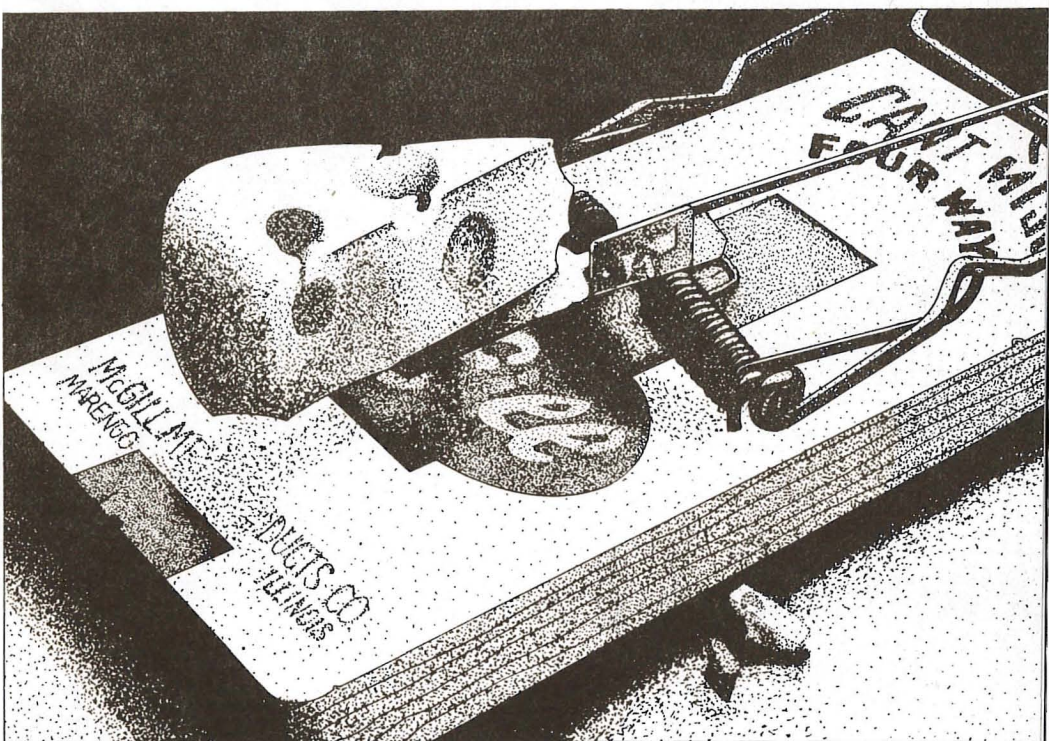
Conscious of the man moaning at my feet and Ramon standing helplessly by, I looked to the Chief, relieved that the course of action was not my decision.

to by society. The ideas are seriously followed with religious passion, but actually humorous and silly. The clown attacked the idea of being correct for the sake of etiquette. He continues by denying that the clown was "democratic." Democracy advocates government authorized and controlled by a socially equal people. The clown personified a philosophy of the individual being honest to his own feelings. The clown is deemed as sacred for his honesty in recognizing his desire for freedom. This clown is a poet. Being a poet, he has the keen sense of his feelings and the ability to express them precisely in an imaginative way. Therefore, while never saying a word he "sang like a bird." Unlike cummings, "mostpeople," this clown silently screamed against society but in a way meaningful to someone else. "I thank heaven somebody's crazy enough to give me a daisy."

Cummings uses the tools of a fine poet to craft "One Winter Afternoon" into a powerful work. He begins by imaginatively describing the clown as "bespangled." A metaphor to a created word, the term accurately portrays a cheerfully decorated person who is out of place on "Eighth Street." The clown is then compared to another cummings' word, "mostpeople." The combination of quantity and identity creates a block which represents the idea accurately. The word is repeated twice, further emphasizing the distinction between them and the clown. Cummings uses other metaphors to distinguish what the clown is not. The clown is not "funerally hilarious," nor is he "ethereally serious." True to his style, cummings equates form and content to project his thoughts. He spaces some verses apart and moves others close, runs words together, and places some in parentheses to change the reader's speed and add emphasis. "One Winter Afternoon," more orthodox than some of cummings' work is still uniquely cummings in its breaking of conventional rules for effect.

A man walking down a street on a winter afternoon receives a daisy from a clown. However, the narrator receives far more than just a flower. "One Winter Afternoon" describes an ordinary man being broken out of his daily habit and seeing reality in life. The clown boldly enters the stranger's life and, while fulfilling his own needs for expression, meets the needs of the stranger. The giving of the flower to the man is a meaningful, concrete statement of how the clown feels about society. The action is more than the vain words "screamed" by "mostpeople." At their meeting, both the clown and the narrator realize how much they are alike and how much they are different. The clown gives "him" the daisy. The man would like to be able to express himself as openly as the clown, but sighs in the gladness of having the clown, instead, relate to him.





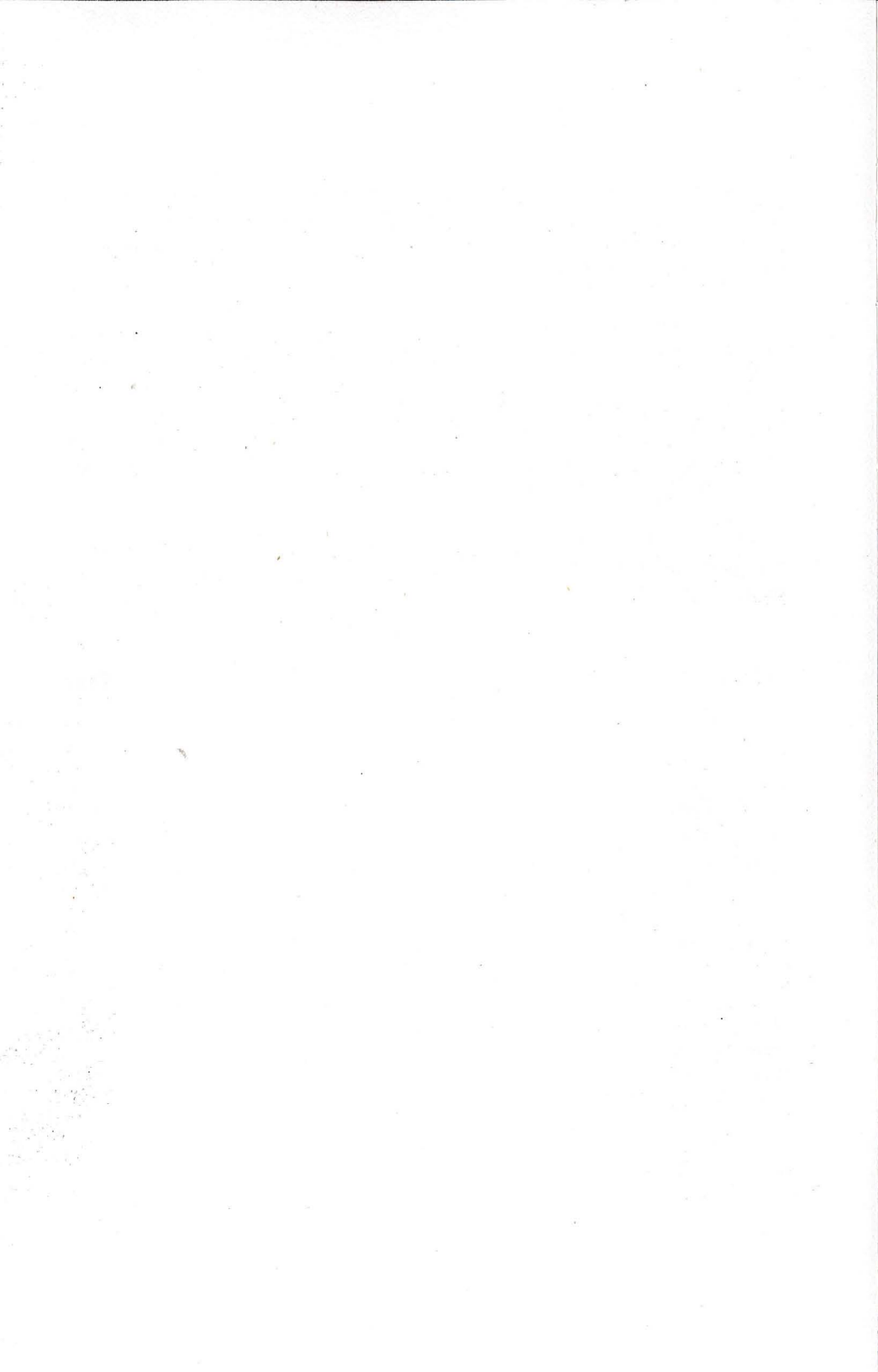


Inadvertently, the complete listing of students and works was not included in the lay-out for *Patterns*. Fortunately, the omission was discovered before printing was completed. Below is the listing for the art works and student artists in this issue of *Patterns*.

This is the first year the *Patterns* committee has had to fund the publication, and it is the first year it has had to work through all aspects of the publication. There have been many unforeseen delays and problems, but it has been a learning experience for all concerned. We believed in the value of continuing the tradition of this publication; we continue to subscribe to that belief for its inherent value for the collegiate community, as well as the larger community of which we are a part.

To the students, thank you for your contributions. To our patrons, thank you again for your support. Finally, to our readers, thank you for your patience.

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